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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS 1/.

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OSTERLEY	12,129	Aug. 16	Aug. 22	Aug. 24	ORVIETO	12,133	Nov. 8	Nov. 14	Nov. 16
ORMONDE	14,853	Sept. 13	Sept. 19	Sept. 21	ORAMA	20,000	Nov. 15	Nov. 21	Nov. 23
ORCADES	9,764	Sept. 20	—	Sept. 28	OSTERLEY	12,129	Dec. 6	Dec. 12	Dec. 14
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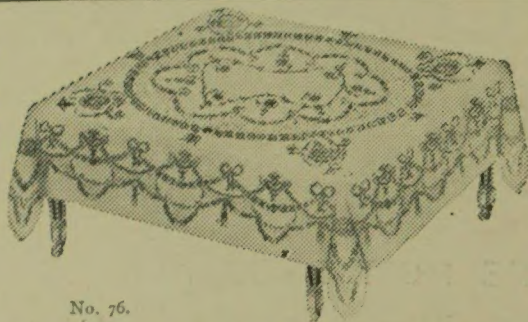
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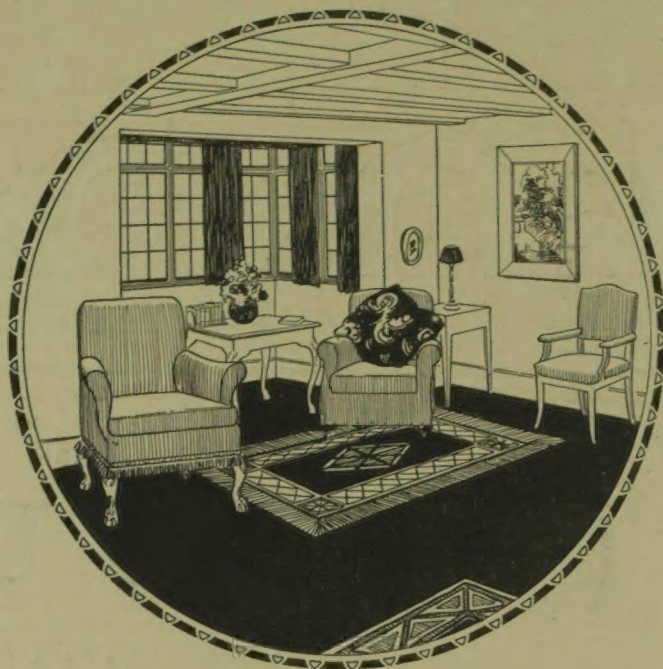
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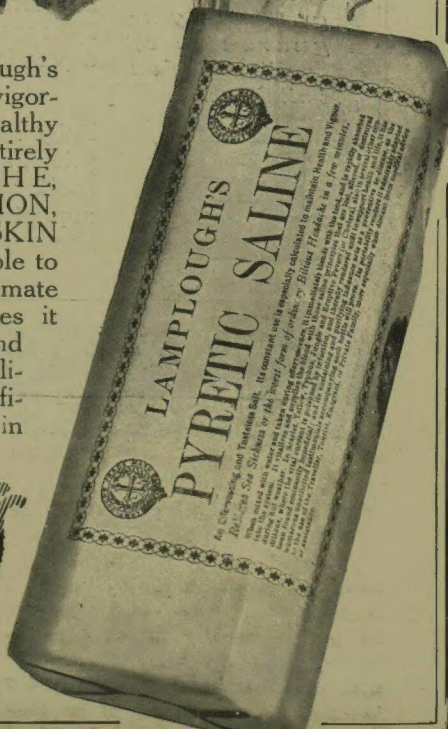
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1924.

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THE FIRST ABYSSINIAN RULER TO LEAVE HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS: H.I.H. PRINCE TAFARI, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA, WHO IS A GUEST OF THIS COUNTRY—WITH HIS WIFE, PRINCESS MANEN, AT ADDIS ABABA.

Never since the foundation of the Royal House of Ethiopia, that House which, tradition tells, is descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, has an Abyssinian monarch or Heir to the Throne been known to leave his native mountains in the heart of Africa. That Prince Tafari has accomplished this, with the blessing of the Empress Zauditu, in whose place he rules, and the benediction of the leader of his Church, to say nothing of the agreement of the feudatory princes who share his kingdom, augurs well for the future of his country.

The Prince, who was ruling a province when in his middle 'teens, led a revolution and became Regent when he was twenty-four, nearly eight years ago. The people over whom he is head, although they live in what is often called "darkest Africa," are among the earliest of Christian peoples. Known racially as Cushites, their ruling classes are members of the Ethiopian branch of the Hamitic race, who settled in Abyssinia some thousands of years before the Christian era, and were converted to Christianity about 300 A.D.

WHERE EMPRESS REIGNS AND PRINCE RULES: MEDIÆVAL ABYSSINIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK.



CARRYING A LOAD ENCASED IN WICKER-WORK:
AN ABYSSINIAN NATIVE OF ARAB EXTRACTION.



A "BENCH" OF MEDIÆVAL "BISHOPS": HIGH PRIESTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH (ORTHODOX),
IN ABYSSINIA, WHICH IS INDEPENDENT OF OUTSIDE DENOMINATIONS.



AS SHE APPEARS ON STATE OCCASIONS: PRINCESS MANEN, WIFE OF PRINCE
TAFARI, REGENT AND HEIR-APPARENT OF ABYSSINIA.



WITH HIS GIRL ASSISTANT READY TO HAUL IN THE CATCH WITH A DIP NET:
AN ABYSSINIAN YOUTH SHOOTING FISH WITH BOW AND ARROW.

Our guest, his Imperial Highness Prince Tafari, is anxious that his country should cultivate more intimate relations with his hosts. As a mark of courtesy, he brought a gift of two lions for the King. The former part of his European tour was outlined under the portrait of him in our issue of May 17; and in last week's issue we reproduced a drawing of his reception at the Vatican, where he

presented a casket and was received by Pope Pius XI. His retinue of feudatory nobles, with retainers numbering forty in all, is one of the most resplendent seen in London. Described as a man of broad culture and "every inch a king," he wears on state occasions an immaculate white costume, with a black velvet cloak fastened with a gold and jewelled clasp. Ras Tafari traces his descent by

[Continued opposite.]

WHERE THE WRIT OF "THE LEAGUE" RUNS: ABYSSINIA THE MEDIÆVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK.



ON ONE OF THE ABYSSINIAN LAKES, WHICH YIELD MANY FISH FOR FOOD: A FISHING CHIEF, WITH HIS BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.



TRIAL WITHOUT JURY: A PLAINTIFF PLEADING HIS CASE BEFORE A LOCAL DIGNITARY IN ABYSSINIA.

Continued.]

tradition from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and styles himself "the Prince of Jerusalem and Lion of Judah"; and the pageantry and ceremonial at his Court are said to be as grandiose as those of Biblical days. His retinue indicates the strength of his Government, for it includes princes of the Northern Kingdom and the ruler of the Western Kingdom, both of which have hitherto

been at variance with Prince Tafari's house. The Regent is also a strong advocate of schools for the young, and has established several model schools in his capital, as an example to his nobles. He himself has a little son of whom he is very fond. It was owing chiefly to the efforts of the Prince Regent that Abyssinia was admitted last September into the League of Nations.

The Ruler of Abyssinia: Prince Tafari Makonnen.

By C. F. REY, F.R.G.S., Author of "Unconquered Abyssinia as it is To-Day."

"THUS the gates of that solitary realm were for ever shut against the arts, the science, and the fanaticism of Europe." So wrote Gibbon in reference

followed by the chiefs, and then the fields are stripped by the hand-sickles and knives of the multitude. On another occasion the Empress had expressed

personally moved a few stones, their example being followed by the lesser chiefs, and so on downwards, until nearly 10,000 men were working on the road. It was ready in time!

The feudal system is by no means the only example of the state of "arrested development" in which the country may be said to be. There are practically no roads, rivers have to be forded or swum, and consequently to cover a tremendously mountainous country about four-and-a-half times the size of Britain, scored with deep river courses, with one's caravan of ponies and mules takes time.

But few more enjoyable forms of travel exist, for the climate on the great 6000-foot tableland which forms the bulk of the country is delightful, the scenery is beautiful, animal life of all kinds abounds, and the rainy season is a short one, lasting, as a rule, only from mid-June to September.

The modern innovations introduced into the capital, Addis Ababa, stand out in glaring contrast to the mediæval and even more ancient characteristics and customs that survive so extensively, such as the enforcement of the Mosaic Law, the great raw-meat banquets of the soldiery, the public executions in the market-place, and, above all, the wonderful old religious pageantry, which carries the mind of the onlooker back over twenty centuries.

To their religion the Abyssinians attach the greatest importance, and it has played a great part in shaping their history. When writing to the Great Powers in 1891, Menelik pointed out that "for more than fourteen centuries Ethiopia has been an island of Christians in a sea of pagans." They are proud of having become Christians whilst we were worshippers of Thor, and they have maintained the monophysite form of Christianity allied with many old Mosaic rites.

To witness one day the Dance of the Priests, a survival of rites we have all read of as David dancing before the Ark, and the next day perhaps to dine with the Regent in his exceedingly comfortable palace, with an excellent European menu, and to visit his up-to-date dairy, his private printing press and book-binding plant—the only ones in the country—is indeed to bring the centuries together, and calculated to make the traveller wonder whether he is awake or merely dreaming.

But the intensely practical and hard-working figure of the Regent presses forward continuously on his task—even while on his present visits he starts the day's work soon after seven o'clock, and his secretaries and typists have as strenuous a time here as they do at home.

Prince Tafari's journey is a great break with tradition, for never since the days of the Queen of Sheba has a ruling Prince of the House of Solomon left the country; it is, consequently, hardly surprising that we and they know so little of each other. They have no coast-line, and up to comparatively recent times Gibbon's picturesque description held true as a picture of their mentality and condition.

"Encompassed on all sides by the enemies of their religion, the Ethiopians slept near a thousand years forgetful of the world by whom they were forgotten."



IN THE CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA: A STREET IN ADDIS ABABA.—[Photograph by Carter.]

to the expulsion of the venturesome Portuguese Jesuit missionaries from Abyssinia in 1633—a somewhat remarkable instance of the danger of prophecy.

For to-day the ruler of that "solitary realm," H.I.H. Tafari Makonnen, Regent of the Empire and Heir to the Throne of Ethiopia, has come down from his mountain home and is paying ceremonial visits to the principal countries of Europe, received by Kings and Princes, and by the heads of the great Christian Churches of the West.

The occasion makes a striking appeal to the imagination, and the man who has brought it about is a remarkable figure. Born only thirty-three years ago, appointed to the governance of a vast district at the age of sixteen, and of a province nearly as big as England at the age of twenty, he has seen in early life his country torn by internal dissension and the subject of constant foreign intrigue.

When only twenty-five he was called on with his cousin the Empress Zauditu, the daughter of King Menelik, to control the destinies of a land whose many different races had from time immemorial regarded war as their pastime, whether against foreign foes or amongst rival kingdoms of the Empire. His first task was to fight a great battle in 1916 against the rebel forces of the dispossessed Emperor Lej Yasu, whose three years of misrule had done so much to weaken Menelik's great work of consolidation, and since then he has been engaged ceaselessly in endeavouring to improve the position of his country and the lot of his people.

His efforts have met with a considerable measure of success at home, and by gaining admission for Abyssinia to the League of Nations he has secured its position abroad. This has enabled him to undertake his present mission, the effect of which on Abyssinia's future must be very great. For he is bringing with him some of the most important of his country's chieftains, men who govern vast provinces and whose influence is a great factor in their unconquered mountain home.

Fully to realise this it must be borne in mind that the feudal system is still the accepted régime in Abyssinia; and the measure of the direct loyalty of the peasant to his local chief as distinct from his fealty to the central government is well indicated by the native proverb: "A dog knows his master, but not his master's master."

The extent to which feudality enters into the everyday life of the country is evident to the least observant traveller, and is well illustrated by the following instances.

An important source of national wealth is the grass of the country, and the commencement of the cutting is the occasion of a great festival. The Prince and his chiefs go out into the grasslands, accompanied by their tenants, soldiers, servants, and followers; the Prince personally cuts a little, his example is

a desire to visit a church some three or four miles away, but a few days beforehand it was realised that



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE IMPERIAL HOTEL IN THE ABYSSINIAN CAPITAL: CAMEL TRANSPORT.—[Photograph by Carter.]

the "road" was impassable. Their subjects were requisitioned by their liege lords; the Prince and every noble and chief then in Addis Ababa each



READY JUSTICE: ADMINISTERING THE LAW IN AN ADDIS ABABA STREET.—[Photograph by Carter.]

LADIES' POLO: THE FIRST FEMININE MATCH PLAYED AT HURLINGHAM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T.P.A.



THE MELTON MOWBRAY LADIES' TEAM: MISS B. CRAWFURD (NO. 2), MISS S. CRAWFURD (NO. 3), MISS M. SHERIFFE (NO. 1), AND MISS LEXIE WILSON (BACK)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



THE HURLINGHAM LADIES' TEAM: MRS. N. W. LEAF (NO. 2), MRS. SCOTT-ROBSON (NO. 1), LADY WARRENDER (NO. 3), AND MRS. B. GLOVER (BACK)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



WATCHED BY A LARGE CROWD: THE PLAY IN THE FIRST LADIES' POLO MATCH AT HURLINGHAM.



AN INCIDENT IN THE GAME: THE LADIES' MELTON MOWBRAY SIDE AGAINST THE LADIES' HURLINGHAM TEAM.



SCORED BY LADY WARRENDER: HURLINGHAM HITS THE ONLY GOAL THEY MADE.



THE WIFE OF SIR VICTOR WARRENDER, BT., M.P., HITS A GOAL: LADY WARRENDER SCORES FOR HER SIDE.

The Ladies' Polo Match held at Hurlingham the other day was an event in the history of the Club, as it was the first occasion on which a feminine game has been played on the famous ground. The result of the match was that the ladies' team representing Melton Mowbray won the game of five chukkas by four goals to one. The match was not—as may be imagined—a serious exposition of polo, and the game cannot be described as a fast one, although the members of the opposing sides are all good horsewomen, and—especially in the case of the Melton side—well known in the hunting world. Miss Lexie Wilson, who goes

splendidly across country, was prominent for her side, and hit three of their goals. Lady Warrender, the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bart., M.P., the son of Lady Maud Warrender and of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, hit the only goal which the Hurlingham team scored. Polo is a game at which men do not expect to excel until they reach the middle 'forties, so one may say that, where their play was concerned, the lady polo enthusiasts were under a double handicap—first that of sex, and secondly of extreme youth, as something in the early twenties represented the average age of the two teams!



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CRITIC recently said that even I myself (evidently a monster of moral and mental extravagance) could not say anything in defence of Smiles and Self-Help. Another critic said that I could hardly fail to rise to this challenge, as I once wrote a page of rhetorical prose in praise of the name of Smith. The latter critic was quite right if he meant that, like many another working journalist, I have been ready to write on any subject. But he is quite wrong if he means that I have been ready to write on any side. I had nothing but romantic and almost religious associations with the name of Smith, at least before the emergence of Lord Birkenhead. I called the name of Smith poetical because it obviously is poetical—as poetical as fire and labour and the sword. But it is not so easy for the poet to pass from Smith to Smiles. Yet there is something to be said for Smiles—at least there is something to be said against what is commonly said against Smiles. Smiles was not wrong if he suggested that no external help, however socially sound, can be a substitute for the sort of independence called honour. Self-Help was not wrong in so far as it meant that the citizen, the free man, really is the man who answers for himself, who is responsible for himself, who supports himself. It was only wrong because there crept into it a corruption, of the sort that poisons every truth, not protected by a creed.

What was the matter with Self-Help as understood by the unfortunate Smiles was simply that it ignored by implication the idea of tradition and even of right. It implied that a man must help himself to the pudding; but it did not clearly imply that it was his own pudding. In that sense Mr. Smiles, though a highly respectable person, was really a brigand and a buccaneer. He sprang up in the chaos of the first commercial competition; and it is the curious paradox that competition had really the same ethics as communism. When it implied that a man could get more money, it did really mean, under one legal fiction or another, that he could get more of other people's money. The individualist of this school did not, indeed, think of it as other people's money. Neither did he think of it as his own money. He thought of it simply as money; as a mass of worldly wealth vaguely wandering about, a floating treasure that was in its nature unattached. That is, he really thought of it as the Bolshevik thinks of it. He thought of money as merely circulating, as the actual material called money does circulate. It was current in the same sense as the currency—that is, it was always running, and especially running away. It was property without a proprietor. In other words, as I have said, this sort of individualism was really very near to the most extreme sort of socialism. It was born in the same industrial confusion as the idea of socialism. This sort of individualism had no sense of property.

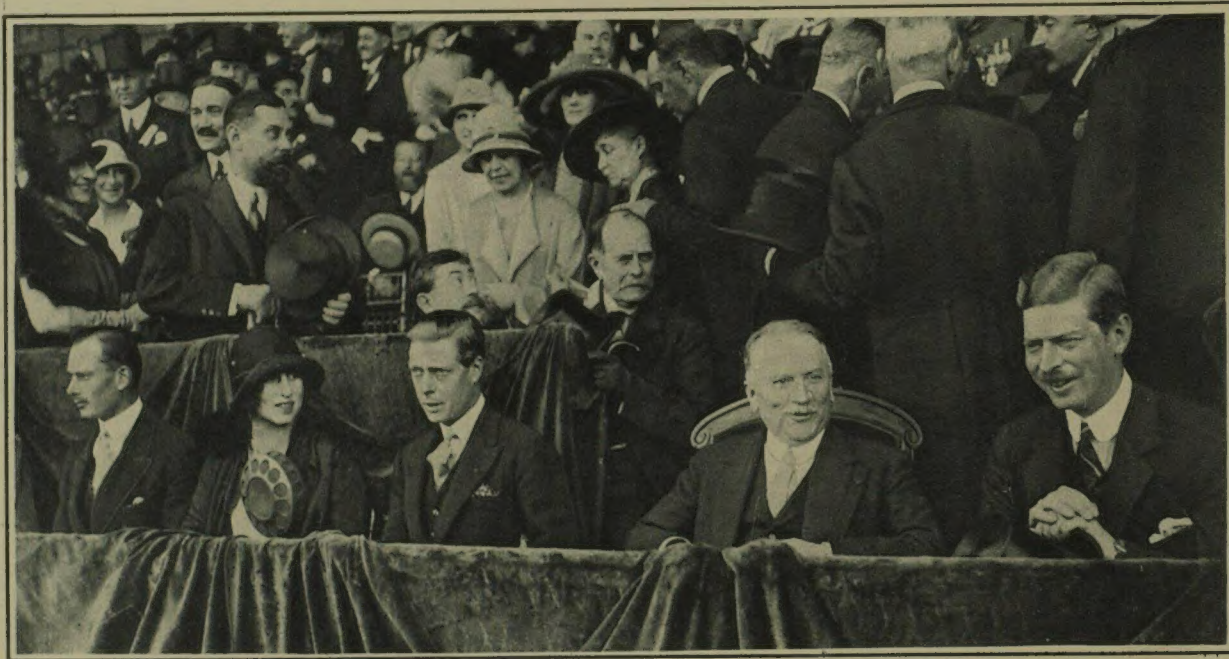
The true tradition of property is not primarily one of self-help but rather of self-defence. It does not think first of helping itself to property, but rather preventing others from helping themselves to what

is not their own property. Nor is it especially disposed to insist on the self in the mere sense of the ego. When Naboth found his vineyard threatened by an enlightened and progressive Imperialist of his day, he did not say, "I am a scientific inventor and I discovered vineyards; I propose to go on and discover a few more vineyards, which are at present in more unworthy hands." He said, "The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." In other words, he was not an individualist; but in reality the very reverse of an individualist. He did not insist merely on the individual; and certainly not merely on the self. He insisted on things that were no more identical with himself than was the empire of King Ahab. He appealed to his ancestors; he appealed to God; he appealed to the general conception of justice. And the real distinction is not between the socialist and the individualist, but simply between Naboth and Ahab. Ahab may call himself either an individualist or a socialist, or frequently both. He generally does. Ahab may say he is seizing the vineyard because his remarkable force of character has made him master

may have been a very rough fellow; but he was not so low a savage as to appeal to Smiles and Self-Help. It was rather Ahab that was helping himself—to somebody else's pudding. Naboth did not appeal to that sort of self-help, but to quite another sort of self-respect.

It is that sort of self-respect that constitutes for thousands of modern industrial people the mystery of the peasant. They always feel about him as about an agricultural serf; and it never occurs to them that he feels like a small squire. They call him surly; and do not reflect that there might be a lack of gay sociability in a small squire, if total strangers treated him kindly as an agricultural serf. They call him avaricious; and yet are compelled to admit that he often rejects money when a gentleman would reject it, and a serf would take it. They know the general character of land-owners; and the peasant is simply a small land-owner. Yet they cannot make out why the same man who will resent a trespass will refuse a tip. They call him selfish; yet they blame him at the same time for stinting himself for the remote future

of his farm and his family. They cannot see that he is starving for an idea; for a domestic patriotism. The case for the best peasantry, as for the best aristocracy, is that it is the very reverse of individualistic. If only in a narrower sense, it fights not for the individual but for the race. The man is emphatically not fighting half so much for himself as for his father or his children. There is that amount of truth in the Bolshevik phrase that the American Revolution and the French Revolution suffered from being merely bourgeois revolutions. It is true that the revolt at the end of the eighteenth century was a revolt rather of the shop-keeper than of the peasant. That was the reason why it merely destroyed crests and shields and territorial



THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: PRINCE HENRY, THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA (LEFT TO RIGHT), IN THE GRAND STAND AT COLOMBES STADIUM.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, as well as the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, witnessed the opening of the Olympic Games, at the Colombes Stadium, Paris. The ceremony was performed by the President of the French Republic, who is shown in our photograph, seated next to the Prince of Wales. On another page we give photographs of the scene in the huge Stadium, as the contingents from the different countries marched past the Presidential box.—[Photograph by C.N.]

of the whole economic field. Ahab may say he is seizing it because he is the King, and therefore the chief official of a great social bureaucracy. Or he may say he is seizing it because he is a strong man and an individual of marked individuality. Probably Ahab, having all his life the caprice and inconsistency of the true Oriental Sultan, said first one thing and then the other. Probably he was an individualist one day and a socialist the next—in short, his history resembles very closely the history of the modern rich in their relation to the modern poor. Being a weak man, he would naturally regard himself as a strong man; and, being a despot, he would naturally identify himself with the whole State. But neither of these poses touches the true point of property at all, as understood by Naboth and the sons of Naboth—the peasants of the whole world. No doubt, their point of view appeared very backward and superstitious to their opponents, especially to that fine representative of feminism and the woman's influence in politics, Queen Jezebel. Probably it is true that the more complex civilisation, the culture of Tyre and Sidon, was on the side of Jezebel and against Elijah, and especially against Naboth. Naboth

titles, without understanding them at all. That was why the mere Jacobin said that nobody should have a family motto or a pedigree. A real revolt of peasants might possibly have said that everybody should have a pedigree or even a family motto. I have often had the fancy that a more human and religious revolution might have given the world more heraldry instead of less. Instead of only lopping the tall lilies of France, in the manner of Tarquin, it might have given to all the lilies of the field something of the glory of Solomon. I have a great respect for the real good done by the French Revolution; but in this respect I think it did suffer from being not entirely a French Revolution, but rather a Parisian Revolution. There is a real revolution going on all over Europe to-day, which is of the other kind, and has been called the Green Rising. We ourselves have had some experience of the Green Rising in the very country of the Wearing of the Green. All English parties made a muddle of it because none of them understood it. But if anyone thinks me fantastic for saying that a poor peasantry might be full of all the pride and pomp of heraldic genealogy, I can only advise him to go to Ireland.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 90, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

"FOR THE . . . GLORY OF SPORT": THE 8TH OLYMPIAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



HEADED BY
PIPERS OF THE
CAMERON
HIGHLANDERS
AND WOMEN
COMPETITORS
IN NAVY-BLUE
AND WHITE:
THE BRITISH
CONTINGENT AT
THE OPENING OF
THE OLYMPIC
GAMES.



SALUTING THE
FRENCH
PRESIDENT
AND THE PRINCE
OF WALES:
THE FRENCH
COMPETITORS
PASSING THE
PRESIDENTIAL
BOX AT THE
COLOMBES
STADIUM.

The opening of the eighth Olympiad, at the Colombes Stadium, Paris, was an impressive spectacle. The ceremony commenced with a march by the competitors round the arena, each national group preceded by a standard bearer carrying the gilt sign of his land and followed by its national flag. The contingent from this country was specially picturesque, as it was headed by a company of pipers of the Cameron Highlanders, and included twenty women, looking workmanlike and neat in white flannel skirts and dark blue blazers. The French company consisted of 180 competitors, of whom twelve were women. In our photograph they are shown at the salute, passing the Presidential box—which contained the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, as well as President Doumergue.—After the procession had wound round the arena, and

the competitors had been arranged in columns of four, all facing the Presidential box, the President of the French Olympic Committee, Comte Clary, mounted the rostrum and invited President Doumergue to declare the eighth Olympiad open, which he did in less than twenty words. A fanfare then came from the band, the Olympic flag was broken out from the tall mast, and a salute was fired with aerial maroons, while some hundreds of pigeons were released and an aeroplane flew over the Stadium. This was followed by a grouping of the flags of the nations round the rostrum, while M. Georges André, the French athlete and flag-bearer, took for all the Olympic oath, "to observe all rules and participate in these games in a spirit of chivalry for the honour of our countries and the glory of sport."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE "TIGON"—AND EXPERIMENTS IN HYBRIDISATION.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE Gardens of the Zoological Society of London have just been enriched by the addition of a really remarkable animal, the product of a cross-mating between a male tiger and a female lion. This hybrid the authorities have decided to call a "tigon," coining a hybrid word for a hybrid animal. Since it is a male, some have expressed surprise that it shows no trace of a mane. But, and especially since the male parent was a tiger, this "secondary sexual character," peculiar to the lion, was hardly to be expected. What is rather surprising is that it is so faintly striped. However, it is to be remembered that even in pure-bred tigers the striping varies much in its intensity, in accordance, apparently, with the geographical range of the species—or, in other words, the conditions of its environment. But as to this matter of coloration more must be said presently.

This remarkable creature (Fig. 4), it is to be noted, was bred in captivity. We know of the occurrence of no such crosses among animals in a wild state. Even in captivity they are rare. This matter of hybridisation has always excited the interest not merely of naturalists, but also, and more especially, of "Thremmatologists," as the breeders of animals are called. Even among our domesticated beasts and birds hybridisation is much easier with some types than others. When we turn to experiments on wild animals in captivity we find that some can be induced to breed only with

"species," we must regard this test of inter-fertility rather as an index of relative relatedness. We cannot, for example, regard the hooded and carrion crows in any other light but as good species. The fact that they will freely interbreed and produce fertile hybrids shows that they are more closely related than they are to, say, the rook or the raven. Many of the

The foal (Fig. 3) closely resembled her sire, which, of course, was unstriped, save on the legs. But the legs of the foal were much more strongly striped than the sire, and there were faint stripes on the head and neck, and a very strongly marked shoulder-stripe, which is not present in the sire. A second foal, by the same sire, out of a Burchell's zebra of the race known as "Chapman's quagga," was very like the mountain zebra hybrid, but the ears were relatively shorter and the striping less distinct, even on the legs. The shoulder-stripe was decidedly shorter, and the stripes on either side were fainter. Asinine were dominant over zebrine characteristics in this animal.

In the case of these zebra-horse and zebra-ass hybrids, it is to be noticed, the coloration of the foals differed from the pure-bred parents—where these were zebras—and showed a reversion to the coloration of a more remote ancestor, apparently closely resembling the Somali zebra. There was no development of any "new" character in the markings. This is a more important point than would appear at first sight. And this because in the case of the domesticated cat we have an instance of the development of a new pattern, quite unlike that of any known wild species. It will be noticed that there are two types of "tabby"-cats. In one, resembling the wild-cat, there are numerous narrow vertical stripes; in the other the stripes are broad, and form a spiral on the flanks, as may be seen in



FIG. 1.—WITH A "NEW" PATTERN, UNLIKE THAT OF ANY KNOWN SPECIES: THE DOMESTICATED "TABBY" CAT.

surface-feeding ducks, such as the mallard and the pintail, will interbreed freely in captivity, and produce fertile hybrids. Such hybrids occur even in a wild state. But no one would hesitate to regard these two species as perfectly distinct.

The famous Penycuik experiments of Professor Cossar Ewart, made by crossing zebras and horses, brought out some striking facts in regard to coloration and hybridisation. He crossed a Burchell's zebra stallion with a West Highland pony. The resultant foal (Fig. 2) was not only striped like a zebra, but was more closely striped than his sire, resembling, indeed, the Somali zebra. As a consequence, Professor Ewart contends that we must regard this case as one of reversion to a more primitive ancestor, striped after the fashion of the Somali species. From this type the Bonte-quaggas, as the zebras of the Burchell type are called, were derived.

In the reverse cross—that is to say, where the sire is a horse and the mare a zebra, the resultant foals appear to resemble the sire, being at most but feebly striped. Professor Cossar Ewart, however, mentions one case wherein the foal was as brightly and strongly striped as the zebra mare, its mother.

Mr. R. I. Pocock some years ago published some interesting facts in regard to zebra-ass hybrids, born in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Here the sire was a Somali wild ass, the dam a mountain zebra.



FIG. 2.—MORE STRIPED THAN HIS SIRE: THE FOAL OF A ZEBRA STALLION AND A WEST HIGHLAND PONY. When Professor Cossar Ewart crossed a Burchell zebra with a West Highland pony, the markings on the resultant foal were more pronounced than those of the sire, and the hybrid more nearly resembles the Somali zebra. This was classed as a reversion to type.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

difficulty, while others seem to have lost their reproductive powers altogether. Elephants are notoriously difficult to deal with in this regard. On the other hand, some rather surprising successes have been attained, crosses having been made between animals which under no circumstances could have bred in a state of freedom. The cross between the Polar and the brown bear furnishes a case in point. This has been achieved in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Moreover, the Polar brown-bear hybrid has been successfully crossed with the pure-bred brown bear. And it is to be noted that the fertility does not end with the first crosses, the hybrids being fertile between themselves. Some little time ago, in commenting on this matter of hybrids, I stated that the cross between the American bison and domesticated cattle produced fertile hybrids. This, I find, is not the case—in so far, at any rate, as concerns the cross between the domestic bull and the bison cow. There are many animals which display this limited capacity for crossing, which is at present inexplicable.

It is commonly held that crosses between distinct species are infertile. But, unless we are materially to modify our concept of what constitutes a



FIG. 4.—WITHOUT MANE AND WITH FAINT STRIPES: THE TIGER-LION HYBRID AT THE "ZOO."

The animal is a male, yet the stripes of the sire are but feebly developed. It was recently presented to the "Zoo" by the Maharajah of Nawanagar.—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]



FIG. 3.—RESEMBLING HER UNSTRIPED SIRE, SAVE FOR THE STRONG LEG-MARKINGS: THE FOAL OF A SOMALI WILD ASS (SIRE) AND A MOUNTAIN ZEBRA (DAM).

the adjoining illustration (Fig. 1). No known wild cat is thus marked, and there never seems to be any blending between these two patterns. They are definitely either of one type or the other. This is the more interesting since a wide range of "sporadic variation" in this matter of coloration is to be seen in our domesticated cats. I recently saw a litter of five, wherein no two were alike. There were both types of "tabby," a black, a white, and one blotched with orange and black.

In all the cases so far considered the hybrids have shown no more than superficial differences, such as coloration or the length of the ears. But with many fishes more deep-seated changes take place. The hybrids between bleak and chub, for example, display differences not only in bodily form, but in the number of the fin-rays, the shape of the fins, and the number of scales above and below the "lateral-line." This is true also of the hybrids between roach and rudd, and the roach and bream. This last was regarded as a distinct species, known as "Buggenbag's Bream." Even the pharyngeal, or "throat teeth," are modified. The skeleton of the lion differs from that of the tiger only in relatively minute details; their skulls are hardly distinguishable. When the skull of "Tigon" becomes available, perchance it will be found to have developed some new character, unlike anything found in either of the pure-bred parents.

WEARERS OF THE LAWN-TENNIS BLUE RIBANDS: WIMBLEDON FINALISTS.



FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' SINGLES: MISS K. MCKANE (GREAT BRITAIN), THE WINNER; AND MISS HELEN WILLS (UNITED STATES), THE LOSER.



THE WINNERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES: MISS HELEN WILLS (U.S.A.) AND MRS. WIGHTMAN (U.S.A.).



FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S SINGLES: R. LACOSTE (FRANCE), THE LOSER; AND J. BOROTRA (FRANCE), THE WINNER.



THE WINNERS OF THE MEN'S DOUBLES: F. T. HUNTER (U.S.A.) AND VINCENT RICHARDS (U.S.A.).

After Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen had scratched, owing to illness, Miss McKane was left to play Miss Helen Wills in the final round of the Ladies' Singles Championship. The English player won (4-6, 6-4, 6-4).—In the Men's Singles' Championship Borotra beat Lacoste (6-1, 3-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-4).—In the Ladies' Doubles Championship, Mrs. Wightman and Miss Wills beat Miss K. McKane and Mrs. Covell (6-4, 6-4).—In the Men's Doubles Championship, Vincent Richards and F. T. Hunter beat R. N. Williams and W. M. Washburn (6-3, 3-6, 8-10, 8-6,

6-3).—The Mixed Doubles Championship was won by J. B. Gilbert and Miss K. McKane, who beat L. A. Godfree and Mrs. Shepherd-Barron (6-3, 3-6, 6-3).—Borotra, the new champion, has extraordinary speed and quickness of eye, and his play at the net is his most remarkable asset.—The game between Miss McKane and Miss Helen Wills was a particularly good one, and the English player won after fighting, against heavy odds, from a position which seemed hopeless. It was a case of experience telling.

TO BE CONSECRATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING: THE NEW MODERN GOTHIC LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

STEWART BALE, LIVERPOOL.



PART OF THE REMARKABLE BUILDING, DESIGNED BY MR. GILBERT SCOTT WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-TWO: THE SOUTH-EAST TRANSEPT OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR: THE BEAUTIFUL CENOTAPH IN THE WAR MEMORIAL TRANSEPT.



WHERE THE USUAL ORIENTATION IS DISREGARDED AND THE CHOIR POINTS ALMOST DUE SOUTH: CHOIR STALLS OF THE CATHEDRAL.



FOR THE USE OF THE HOLDER OF A BISHOPRIC CREATED AS RECENTLY AS 1850: THE BISHOP'S THRONE.



"INDEED A GREAT WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY": A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL.



SHOWING A STYLE WHICH IS AN INTERPRETATION OF FOURTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC, OR DECORATED: A VIEW OF THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL.



BEAUTY MASKED BY MEANNESS: A GLIMPSE OF THE CATHEDRAL AS SEEN FROM A SIDE-STREET.



WITNESS TO THE GOTHIC DESIGN AND CLASSIC PROPORTION OF THE BUILDING: THE SOUTH CHOIR AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

In our issue of June 28, we gave a perspective drawing of the new cathedral at Liverpool, a photograph of the completed portion, and a photograph of the exterior as seen from the north choir and aisle. We now add other views of the remarkable building, which has been described as the finest example of modern Gothic. The foundation-stone was laid in 1904, by King Edward VII., and by the time it is finished, the structure will have taken half a century to build. The consecration of the first portion of the building to be completed, which will take place on July 19, in the presence of the King and Queen, supported by representative churchmen from all parts of the Empire and the United States, will mark an important stage in the evolution of British architecture. Liverpool is the third great cathedral erected since the days of Wren, following, as it does, Westminster and Truro Cathedrals. Its style is a free interpretation of fourteenth-century Gothic, or Decorated. Its massive character does not interfere with the symmetrical grouping of the sections, and, from whatever angle it is viewed, it is a noble shape that will dominate the city and be visible to every ship that comes up the Mersey. An examination of

the choir reveals that the windows are set back between the piers of the arcade, which are continuous with the great buttresses outside to a total depth of thirty feet, the aisles being formed by piercing these solid walls of masonry. Standing at the foot of the choir, the side sources of light are concealed, as there is no clerestory, but the light is diffused over the transverse walls until it is lost in the shadowy vault above. The east window has a sculptured central division offset by decorated tracery on each side; taken with the contours of the building, this shows a cunning blending of the Gothic and Classic. It is the largest window in England, the over-all measurement being 76 ft. high by 44 ft. wide. On completion, in some fifteen or twenty years, the cathedral will be the largest in England, and nearly as big as St. Peter's in Rome. It is believed that the next section of the building to be constructed, the great central space and two western transepts, can be finished in six years. The building is additionally remarkable in that it was designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, now a Royal Academician, when he was twenty-two.

Egyptian Town Life in the Fourteenth Century B.C.

TELL-EL-AMARNA DISCOVERIES.

By F. G. NEWTON, a Joint Director of the Egyptian Exploration Society's Expedition to Tell-el-Amarna.

THE third season's work of the Egypt Exploration Society has thrown fresh and interesting light on the life of the Egyptians in the fourteenth century B.C. A large portion of the central part of the town of Tell-el-Amarna was excavated, including several large

houses with their gardens, and a royal palace at the north end of the site.

A number of objects was found in the houses, including four fine bronze knives varying from 1 ft. 2 in. to 1 ft. 5 in. long (No. 1). These were found lying casually in a corner of a room, as though left by mistake. Another interesting find was a pair of bronze tongs with the ends shaped like hands (No. 3). Coloured limestone statues of Akhenaten and his Queen Nefertiti were also found, but, unfortunately, headless; and a small coloured figure of the King, complete except for the feet.

An immense amount of pottery was collected, and we were fortunate in getting a number of complete specimens of the fine coloured jars which are characteristic of the period (No. 2). One of the most interesting of the large houses was Q44.I, which can, unfortunately, only be known by a number,

1. FOUND ON THE FLOOR, IN A CORNER: BRONZE KNIVES FROM A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY B.C. HOUSE AT TELL-EL-AMARNA.

as we found no inscription giving us a clue to the owner's name. This house and garden, which was enclosed by a wall forming a rectangle, covered something over an acre of ground, and was sufficiently well preserved to give us a very good idea of the general arrangements of a rich man's establishment.

The house itself differed only in detail from the regular type of large house usually found at Tell-el-Amarna, one of which was described in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 16, 1922; but the buildings in the grounds showed several new features. One of these was the cattle-house with a row of eight mangers built of sun-burnt bricks. The floor was paved with stones to prevent the animals kicking it up, and a passage ran along the back of the mangers from which the attendants could fill them with food (No. 7). There were other enclosures adjoining, probably for sheep, and also the quarters for the grooms.

The garden had its kiosk and a pond, and some furnaces in one corner for burning rubbish; also a

in every large establishment. In the latter part of November we started on a mound at the north end of the site a little beyond the modern village of Et-Til, and found a considerable amount of coloured plaster and stone fragments of inscriptions which indicated a building of importance. This afterwards turned out to be a royal palace, probably built in the latter part of Akhenaten's reign. We were only able to excavate half of this palace, but we hope to finish it next season, when we shall have a complete plan showing the arrangements of a royal palace.

The dimensions of the outside walls, which formed a rectangle, were 475 feet by 380 feet. The main

were, no doubt, for the various kinds of cattle which the King was accustomed to keep. We first of all enter a covered portion, the roof of which was supported by solid piers 3 feet square. This was probably the attendants' quarters. We then come into an open courtyard where the animals were kept in the daytime, and beyond this another covered portion, also supported by piers, where they went for the night. The easternmost of these three areas had a range of stone mangers all round the walls with figures of various animals carved on them—oxen, antelopes, ibex (Nos. 6, 8, 9, and 10). This was one of the most interesting discoveries of our excavation, and they are the only mangers of the kind ever discovered in Egypt.

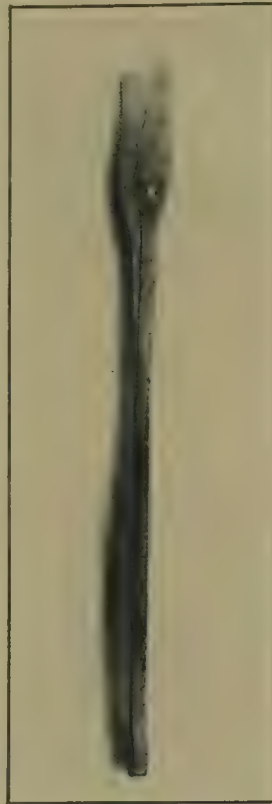
To the east of the pond and the cattle stalls was the residential part of the palace. The main entrance was in the centre, and evidently had an elaborate stone portico, of which only the concrete foundations remain. Double doors led into a large hypostyle hall with twenty-six columns. From this hall five doors led into various departments of the palace. One door on the left led into a corridor or vestibule with four columns in it, which opened at the other end on to a beautiful little court with an arcade of columns round three sides and a series of cubicles behind it. In the centre was a sunk garden with a low parapet wall round it, and steps leading down to the beds, which were divided up into squares. This court with the rooms round would appear to be the women's quarter (No. 5), as, except for the one doorway, it was separate from the rest of the palace. The rooms round this court all bore traces of coloured plaster, and, though much damaged, sufficient was found to enable a restoration to be made of the complete scheme of decoration. This consisted of a black dado about 2 ft. 6 in. high; then five bands of alternate red and blue, each divided by a thin band of white; and above these a band of check pattern. These bands covered a width of about 9 in., making a total height from the ground of 3 ft. 3 in. Above them came pictures of birds, fishes, geese, storks, and men, all on a background of yellow. The red and blue bands returned at the corners and ran vertically up the walls, returning again at the top, thus making each side of the wall into a framed panel with a picture in it. Above this was a broad band



2. CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PERIOD: A COLOURED JAR, THREE FEET IN HEIGHT, FOUND IN ONE OF THE HOUSES.

entrance was from the river side on the west. This led into a large court about 150 feet square. To the right and left of this are pylon entrances leading into open courts. The one on the left has a series of nine chambers on the east and west sides, with a staircase leading up to the roof. All the doors to these chambers originally had stone door-posts to them, but only part of one was left, and that had the name of the King's daughter, Merytaten, inscribed on it. In the middle of the court we found the concrete foundations of three curious little buildings which were evidently built of stone, as the marks of the stone were still left on the concrete. Their shape suggested a small temple or kiosk in the centre, with an altar on each side.

On the east side of the large square entrance court were three imposing entrances leading into the inner



3. WITH ENDS SHAPED LIKE HANDS: A PAIR OF BRONZE TONGS.



4. OF BURNISHED CLAY: TWO FLASKS FOUND IN A TELL-EL-AMARNA HOUSE.—5. IN A ROYAL PALACE WHICH PROBABLY DATES FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE REIGN OF AKHENATEN, THE HERETIC PHARAOH WHO WAS TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW: ROOMS IN THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS.

small house which we might reasonably suppose to be the head gardener's cottage. Besides these there were the servants' quarters, with the kitchens containing three ovens, which in the larger houses were always outside. Five large circles about twelve feet in diameter indicated the granaries—a common feature

grounds of the palace. Passing through these entrances, we come to a rectangular space which contained a pond, with a path running round it with trees or shrubs planted at intervals. To the left of the pond we have three areas separated from each other, with a central door leading into each. These

of black, and then the ceiling, which was entirely decorated with bunches of grapes and vine-leaves, as though to imitate an arbour out of doors. The greater portion of the rooms in the residential parts of the palace still remain to be excavated next year, when we hope for still more important discoveries.

14TH CENTURY, B.C.: CARVED MANGERS UNIQUE IN EGYPT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. F. G. NEWTON. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



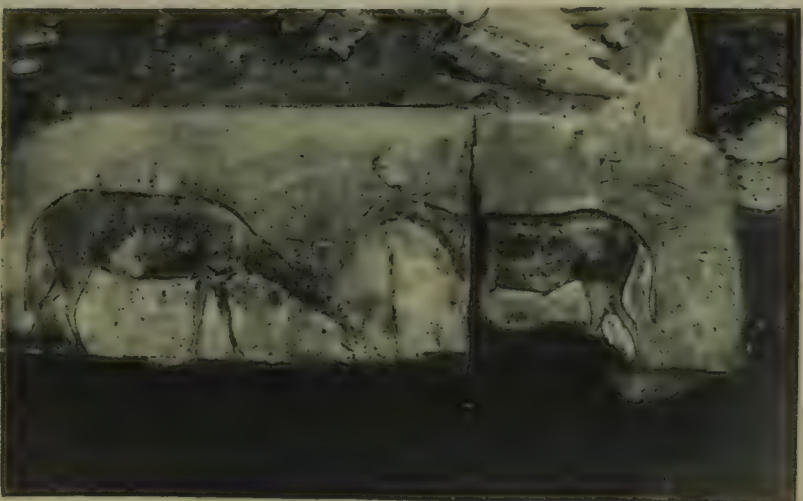
6. WITH RINGS BETWEEN THEM, FOR THE TETHERING OF CATTLE:
CARVED STONE MANGERS—UNIQUE IN EGYPT.



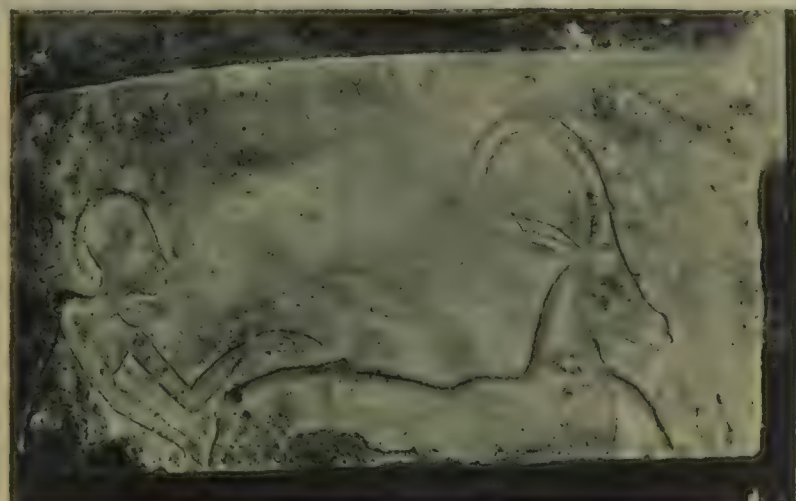
7. IN A STONE-PAVED CATTLE-HOUSE, WITH A PASSAGE FOR THE ATTENDANTS:
EIGHT MANGERS OF SUNBURNT BRICKS.



8. THE ONLY ONES OF THEIR KIND EVER DISCOVERED IN EGYPT: THE ROW OF CARVED STONE MANGERS OF THE NEWLY FOUND ROYAL PALACE,
WHICH PROBABLY DATES FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE REIGN OF AKHENATEN, FATHER-IN-LAW OF TUTANKHAMEN.



9. CARVED AND PAINTED FOR THE PALACE AT THE NORTH END OF THE
SITE: ANTELOPES ON ONE OF THE PALACE MANGERS.



10. CARVED WITH AN IBEX AND AN ATTENDANT: ONE OF THE UNIQUE
DECORATED STONE MANGERS OF THE PALACE.

As is remarked in the article on the opposite page, the stone mangers found round the walls of the easternmost of the three areas to the left of the pond in the rectangular space in the inner grounds of the Palace form one of the most remarkable of the recent discoveries, in that they are the only mangers of their kind ever discovered in Egypt. As our illustrations show, they are carved with figures of various animals—oxen, antelopes, and ibex. These mangers are in that Royal Palace, probably built in the latter part of the reign of Akhenaten, which

has been excavated at the north end of the site, a little beyond the modern village of Et-Til. The mangers of sunburnt bricks belonged to the cattle-house of a large house which differs only in detail from the regular type of large house usually found at Tell-el-Amarna, but formed part of those buildings in the grounds which show new features. The floor of the cattle-house was paved with stones so that the animals could not kick it up. At the back of the mangers was a passage from which the attendants could pass to fill the mangers with food.

THE COUNTRY LIFE OF THE ROMANS IN ENGLAND: THE CHEDWORTH VILLA.

By ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

THE spring that still flows and fills a repaired but original octagonal basin in the apsidal Nymphæum of this Villa, and that formerly supplied life and baths to various successive Roman-British households here, had probably been familiar long before that period to certain tribal folk who raised the Bronze-Age barrow crowning the hill-slope a little above it. It flows from a solid bed of fuller's earth, and it may well have been known as a sacred source ages before its waters thus became pooled into yonder once-decorated *sacrarium*. (There is, indeed, another Holywell close-by.) When dug out in 1864-6, by Mr. James Farrer for Lord Eldon, a small but un-inscribed altar was met with in the apse; and there were also evidences of an earlier arrangement for collecting the same waters at a lower level. Moreover, in the woodland, some yards away northward, came to light a bas-relief displaying a hunter (? Mercurius-Sylvanus) holding a hare in his right hand, under him a hound, and, to his left, a stag. We may gather, then, that this site, though doubtless then far less thickly wooded, was, in Roman days, already intimately associated with sport; and Diana, rather than the Deæ Matres, may have presided here in those greater days of neighbouring Corinium, of Constantius Chlorus, and of the Constantines. We may even add that it was due also to sport that the villa-structure finally came to light once more; for a ferret whining among the labyrinthine rabbit-runs beneath a then unknown Roman-British pavement, caused the spade to be sent for, and presently it threw up shoals of coloured cubes from a mosaic floor that had known no foot-pressures for fifteen hundred years.

But the local divinities evidently were quite determined to reassert themselves, for in a small passage (once well warmed) still surviving between the spacious dining-room (*triclinium*) and what we may presume to be the best bed-rooms (likewise warmed) were found substantial remains of the Penates, or familiar guardians of the house; and this leaves no doubt that these continued to be venerated here until the Villa became totally abandoned in the late fourth century.

Since those days of felicitous discoveries there have been detected three Constantinian Christian monograms incised upon the undersides of three members of an octagonal freestone frame or well-head. Upon the fourth member (but recently placed in the Museum) was found last October an incised draughts-board of sixty-four squares. These associated tokens of creed and by-play probably relate to some mason's yard at Corinium, and its employees, rather than to the actual possessors of the Villa at Chedworth; yet the bare presentation of these cultural evidences fully suffices to bring us mentally square with this formerly Roman-British home and hunting-box, even as it stood at the head of this diminutive combe, filling the sides thereof with its long wings of combined stone and timber-work, its long, sharp lines of symmetrical roof and colonnades only broken here and there by the small chimneys of the various furnaces, with their blue smoke drifting against these same hillsides or out into the green vale of the Colne, eastward. For these mere bits of evidence (and, fortunately, a good many more) have—so to speak—floated up to us searchers from the wreck of the best-preserved of all Cotswold villas; and, surely, nothing more readily or more vividly reinforces or recreates for us the purely human side of the ancient world than do such humble signs, charms, or tokens, whether they reach us in Eleusis, Pompeii, or Rome, or in these British country houses of long ago. Even here at Chedworth also, is a spoon, probably once a wedding-gift, perhaps even to an owner, here, inscribed, "May you rejoice, Censorinus!", and Censorinus was a name quite familiar to third-century ears.

The Villa itself, so far as its exploration formerly went (as the late Mr. G. E. Fox was the first to notice), reveals clear proofs of partial reconstruction here and there; also proof of one deliberate enlargement on the north side. For, as we to-day view this pre-eminent section of the Villa, it openly declares itself to have been laid out for some very definite, and very possibly an industrial, purpose. It consists of no less than sixteen chambers of various shapes and sizes—most of them once heated—

presumably for precluding escape of heat. All these chambers together, and the first portion of the colonnade, formed the north side of the upper court; and it may be that the wing originally went no further than this, save that on the site of the next room, which has abundant signs of a super-strengthened floor, and in its west wall, remains evidence that there was once a furnace here. Opposite these rooms, in line with them southward, extends a once columnar pentise-alley, or *porticus*, cutting off, while completing, the family court, or garth. From the south wing projected into this last a keeper's or porter's lodge. Of the colonnaded terrace upon its north side some of the column bases are still *in situ*. Whether in columnar or other form, this alley was continued for over one hundred yards, forming the north side of the vanished larger court.

As it is obvious that a great deal of hard work of various kinds must have been carried through here with set purpose, it becomes necessary to think of this Villa, in its later conditions, not as an entirely independent country-house and farm, or *villa-rustica*, but rather as one having had probably some close connection with an owner's town house or business in Corinium, eight miles off; which, likewise, will have been well supplied with game, fish from the Colne, and with snipe, heron, pigeons and partridges, which the steward, or *villicus*, would procure here with hook, and net and snare. This would refer especially to those sixty or seventy years of the fourth century when Britain is known to have been a fairly prosperous province, exporting corn, cloth, metals, and other commodities freely to the Continent. Not only is room after room in this wing indicative of hypocaust and furnace,

but the *pila* that carried their floors are small monoliths of stone, both more numerous and much closer set than was usual; and consequently they are suggestive of but one purpose, namely, to resist unusual pressures from the floors which they have supported. Nothing of this kind was observed at Witcombe, nor at Brading, nor at Woodchester. In addition, the small museum here contains two unequal-sized long pillows of iron (not pigs, as usually they are described). These were found lying at the head of this wing, and this gave rise to the notion of a smithery; but, upon critical examination, the metal is found to be totally unfit for manufacturing uses. Hence it is probable these objects had some definite other use, such as great weights for presses, and perhaps they were slung by chains.

If we but entertain the business hypothesis, perhaps too-easily offering itself while regarding this evidently specialised wing of the Villa, the need (and also a possible meaning) of the entire series of chambers seems at once to present itself. For, if we begin to consider fulling and dyeing operations, and enumerate the necessary processes of drying, stretching, bleaching, combing, and pressing, it becomes easy to picture a complete manufactory appropriated to this one side of the Villa, and to perceive that this originated, perhaps, as a practical development from the obvious advantages of abundant good water and the bed of fuller's-earth. For, although a small sporting *villino* may originally have been built here, its larger successor is obviously shut off from the warmer winds, as well as from the western and northern light; while its baths and dining-rooms look due east. Now that combination is surely the

very last which a luxurious villa-magnate would either seek or care for; and the causes of its elaborate extension, therefore, may well be sought in prosaic business propositions. The later owner of Chedworth Villa doubtless had also a *villa de luxe*; but if so, this lay elsewhere. There he enjoyed the open country, riding, the games and races, and the society of his friends. Here, however, was

[Continued on page 69.]



AFTER A WING OF THE VILLA HAD BEEN PARTIALLY RECONSTRUCTED—PROBABLY FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSE: FULLERS AT WORK.

A Reconstruction Drawing by A. Forestier.

fronted by one long *porticus*, or colonnade-terrace, which gave access to them; the head of the wing having commenced entirely independent of the baths, bed-rooms, and *triclinia* of the western wing. In fact, this north wing started with a great furnace (now gutted) of its own and to itself; against which stand, side by side, two semi-circular dipping-tanks. These open into a hall (26 ft. 6 in. by 21 ft.), the



A GAME ON THE MARGIN OF THE RESERVOIR IN FRONT OF THE NYMPHÆUM: DRAUGHTS PLAYED ON A "BOARD" INCISED IN THE STONE.

A Reconstruction Drawing by A. Forestier.

northern side of which is occupied by a square, flagged tank set between two more dipping-tanks; to all of which remain, not only their linings, but the steps of access. To this succeeded an apsidal chamber of the same proportions as the Nymphæum out beyond on the north-west. To this, again, was joined a half-octagon room, having not only an elaborately canalised under-floor, but a double-door arrangement,

TAKEN OVER FOR THE NATION: CHEDWORTH'S 4TH CENTURY VILLA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY SUPPLIED BY MOSS, CIRENCESTER.



THE COMMERCIALISED, PRE-EMINENT NORTH WING: CHAMBERS—MOST OF THEM HEATED—SOME WITH PERFECT VATS AND FULLING TANKS.



THE VERANDAH IN FRONT OF THE DINING-ROOM: IN THE BACKGROUND, A SHED WITH VATS AND RINSING-TANK: TO THE RIGHT, THE OPEN COURT.



WITH SMALL MONOLITHS TO CARRY A FLOOR SUBJECT TO EXCEPTIONAL PRESSURE: A PART OF THE INDUSTRIALISED NORTH WING OF THE VILLA, IN WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, FREE AND SERF LABOUR CARRIED ON FULLING AND DYEING.



SHOWING TWO FINE PAVEMENTS AKIN TO THE WITHINGTON PAVEMENTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE DINING-ROOM (TRICLINIUM).



WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE COLD PLUNGE ON THE LEFT AND THE PAVEMENT OF THE "VERY HOT" CHAMBER (RIGHT): THE BATHS.

On July 8, the National Trust formally took over for the nation the Roman Villa at Chedworth, near Cirencester, which, it would seem, was originally a Roman-British home and hunting-box, and, later, after reconstruction and enlargement on the north side, was turned to industrial uses, transformed into an almost complete "works" devoted to fulling and dyeing. To supplement the notes under our photographs, we add the following particulars: (1) The remains of the north wing, as illustrated, reveal abundant evidences of sixteen chambers, having a furnace system distinct from that of the baths. The whole wing was fronted by a

colonnade of Roman-British-Doric pillars. (2) The shed contains two vats with a square rinsing-tank between them. Beyond the open court is the north wing. (3) The stone pilæ argue the need for special strength. Usually the floors were built up of square tiles only. (4) Possibly nothing more than a curtain divided the room into two. The Withington pavements came from a villa one-and-a-half miles from Chedworth. (5) As can be judged from the size of its mosaic floor, the "very hot" chamber was small. The cold plunge is still perfect, and is of three depths.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the newer books a volume of reminiscences forms "a link with the past" in the special sense of that phrase as it was used some years ago in a newspaper correspondence. The letter-writers who added instance to instance in that editorial postbag had been prompted by the first letter of the series to think of "a link with the past" as a single life, or, perhaps, one or two lives, covering a period of time so long as to make it seem almost incredible that so few people could bridge it within the span of their time on earth. But when very aged persons have seen and talked in their youth with persons then aged, a hundred years becomes as one day.

Thus, in a famous example, the old Countess of Desmond carried the memory of her dance with Richard III. down into the ninth decade of the sixteenth century. She is said to have lived to the age of 140. Peter Garden, who died at Auchterless in 1775, aged 131, remembered having seen Henry Jenkins, who, as a boy, carried a horse-load of arrows to the bowmen at Flodden. Jenkins died at the age of 169. These two lives spanned the period between 1513 and 1775, and the chain still goes on. An Aberdeenshire worth, a Mr. Davidson, who lived into the 'Fifties of last century, remembered Peter Garden; a kinswoman of my own used to give me reminiscences of Mr. Davidson, and thus I can claim to be the fifth link in the chain of only five lives connecting the year 1513 with the year 1924. That remote date comes comparatively near when one can say: "I saw the woman who saw the man who saw the man who saw a man who had been at Flodden."

In the new book there is abundant material for the forging of similar links reaching into the far future. It provides a good start, for the author's memories go back ninety years, and this wonderful old lady is happily still with us, keeping alive the days of her youth, and still bringing the present generation into intimate touch with scenes and people who are for the most of us mere shadows of a name. The book, "MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS" (Hutchinson; 21s.), is the work of Mrs. E. M. Ward, the artist, daughter of a long line of artists, wife of the painter Edward Matthew Ward, and mother of yet another artist, the late Sir Leslie Ward, famous as "Spy," the caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Ward is Ward absolute and unchanged from her cradle, for at her marriage she did not require to change her name. Yet, curiously enough, her husband was not a cousin, or even a remoter kinsman. The wooing was romantic.

I see in the *Sketch* that my old friend and colleague, Keble Howard, takes a warm interest in the welfare of the postman, always an interesting person. This book heightens that interest in a way that might give K. H. a cue for a play. In the old days of Valentines, Posty used to be represented occasionally as Cupid, and contrariwise, Cupid as Posty. Mercury of the G.P.O. certainly does a good deal of business in hearts, but it is not often that he makes so fair a stroke in unwitting match-making as he did one morning in far-off 1843. In that year, two families of Ward (entire strangers to each other) lived in Fitzroy Square. The son of one was Edward Matthew Ward, the daughter of the other house was Henrietta Mary Ada Ward, the writer of these reminiscences. Now, the red-coated, top-hatted postman of that time had a plaguey way of leaving the letters of one family of Ward at the door of the other. This at length led Mrs. Ward's father to call on his neighbour to make some arrangement that would avoid further irritating blunders. Young E. M. Ward, a very handsome and prepossessing person, just beginning to make a name, impressed the other Mr. Ward very favourably. Acquaintance ripened, and Mr. Ward the elder was not the only person to be impressed. Henrietta was only sixteen, but she had no doubt of her own mind, and when her parents wished her to wait, she took the law into her own hands and made a runaway marriage, which she has never regretted.

Her book is the record of a happy domestic life. It is also a historical document, for it reconstructs in one picture a society of which parts are already given in many volumes by other hands. Mrs. Ward's memories seem to focus all these in a wonderful way. Hardly a celebrity between the 'thirties and the present day is omitted from the story, and with every one the author was more or less intimately acquainted. She can remember Tommy Moore warbling his artless melodies to his own accompaniment. Warbling, perhaps, is scarcely the word. Tradition represents his singing as good, but Mrs. Ward tells us that he had but a slight singing voice. He may have been past his best by that time, but "he managed to render the melodies delightfully by a perfect intonation and the feeling he imparted to the sentimental words."

The long roll of Mrs. Ward's friends includes Queen Victoria, Landseer, D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Macready (the Macready children were very naughty, and she suffered at their hands), Mark Lemon, Albert Smith, the brothers James and Horace Smith, Grote, Dickens, Lytton, all the Terrys, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Glyn, and Mme. Vestris. The list of distinguished names grows as the record comes down to our own times, and about everyone, or nearly everyone, there is some interesting note or anecdote.

Here is a story of Queen Victoria that will delight the malicious wit of our anti-Victorians. The incident occurred

when E. M. Ward was painting his picture of Napoleon III. and her Majesty. In order to get the pose

he drew each figure undraped, in pink chalk, the effect being rather ridiculous in the first stage. No sooner had he done this, and we were consulting together about some minor points, than we received a message that the Queen was coming immediately to see the picture. Our consternation was great, and Edward, who was never resourceful in an emergency, looked petrified. "Good Heavens! What shall we do?" he said, in a tragic tone. "The Queen must never see herself like this." I could not help laughing at his horror. "There is only one thing to do; you must wipe them out."

Edward set to work energetically with a rag, and after undoing a whole morning's labour, a second messenger arrived to say that the Royal Visit would be deferred till the next day.

This book will appeal first of all to those (a diminishing company) who remember, and, next, to those who like to read about that old world of London life which seems so remote. The earlier part of the record relates to the period of the sentimental novel, of the anecdotal Academy picture, of stern parents, and of "sheltered" home life—an age thought too prim to be endured by brisk young moderns; but even they ought to find something congenial in the work of an early-Victorian who, at sixteen, loved passionately, and had the courage to defy her parents and to "live her own life."

The current book-lists offer the reader several other agreeable volumes of memoirs which will go very well



THE CHARM OF FRENCH LINE ENGRAVINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: "LES ADIEUX," BY ROBERT DE LAUNAY—AFTER MOREAU LE JEUNE.

The work of eighteenth-century French engravers is the very expression of the spirit of the age, which regarded "le joli," the graceful, dainty, and delicate, as being the mainspring in modes for men and women of the noblesse of the *Ancien Régime*. Our illustration shows a delightful engraving dated 1777, by Robert de Launay, after Moreau le Jeune, and is reproduced from the newly published book, "Old French Line Engravings," by Ralph Nevill, a review of which appears on page 86 of this issue. It contains eighty-six beautiful reproductions of old engravings.

with Mrs. Ward's. There is, for example, Mr. Joseph Harker's "STUDIO AND STAGE" (Nisbet; 12s. 6d.), a scene-painter's record of his life and his views on his art. He also can go back a long way, not for ninety years, certainly, but still to times that have already a venerable air. Besides personal memories, Mr. Harker delves in the antiquities of his profession. I was particularly interested in his notice of de Louthembourg, for that name always recalls to me a charming essay of Austin Dobson's in his collection entitled "At Prior Park."

Philip James de Louthembourg (or Louthembourg), R.A., was a native of Fulda, in Hesse-Nassau, not of Strasburg, as was long supposed. He was born in 1740. His true birthplace was ascertained "by the indefatigable M. Jal," whom Mr. Dobson called "the Old Mortality of letters." Louthembourg was the pupil of Casanova's younger brother, François. In 1770 he came to England, where he lived for forty years. His interest for us to-day lies in his improvements in stage scenery and appliances. He "devised cunning expedients for simulating sunlight and starlight, and the appearance of running water."

But Louthembourg is chiefly memorable for a little show which was, in some ways, a progenitor of the "movies." He called it the "Eidophusikon, or, Various Imitations of Natural Phenomena, represented by Moving Pictures." This he exhibited successfully at Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and in Old Exeter Change, Strand. As no magic lantern was used, one cannot say that the Eidophusikon was very closely akin to the Cinema, but at any rate,

certainly it must have been the ancestor of those scenic models which have proved such an attractive feature of Wembley. We read of a representation of "the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which was cut out in pasteboard." The lighting was beautifully managed so as to give the gradual effect of sunrise. One of his greatest triumphs was a scene of shipwreck. Louthembourg became the rage. Reynolds told all his friends to take their daughters to see the Eidophusikon, and the show prospered exceedingly—for a time. But public patronage fell off, and on May 31, 1782, the exhibition was closed. Four years later it saw a brief revival, and was then sold. What became of the properties, history has not revealed.

This is a long digression from Mr. Harker's book, but the kinship between Louthembourg's "Eidophusikon" and the beautiful panoramas of the Empire Exhibition seemed too interesting and curious a point to dismiss with a mere word, when once one had the cue. Mr. Harker has many good old stories (one or two a trifle threadbare, but still well told) of the old actors and of days at the Olympic Theatre and at Astley's. He looks with a chary eye upon innovation in stage decoration. It was a happy thought to invite letters on the subject from living authorities, and everyone who cares for the theatre will enjoy reading the views of Mr. Shaw and other leading lights on stagecraft. Mr. Harker, who is nothing if not conservative, holds the old fort stoutly, and gives reasons for the faith that is in him.

The next book of memoirs takes us to the lyric stage and the concert-platform of mid-Victorian days. It is the biography of a great singer in an age that some of us are tempted to regard as either too ponderous or too saccharine in its musical taste. "SIMS REEVES, FIFTY YEARS OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND," by Charles E. Pearce (Stanley Paul; 16s.), is a work of diligent research, and, like the other books here noticed, it carries a curious flavour of Victorianism reverently embalmed.

It may not be a great biography, as we count biographical writing nowadays, but it is interesting, for Sims Reeves belonged to an age when the big men in every walk of life were of a commanding stature we seem to miss nowadays. We have great singers to-day, but for some reason or other they do not make the universal appeal of the outstanding Victorians. Few, if any of them, have names to conjure with. And that, whatever other qualities or defects of qualities he possessed, Sims Reeves could claim in abundant measure.

A recent book of Mr. Stephen Graham's was in some sort a first instalment of a memoir of his friend the late Wilfred Ewart, whose novel of the war, "Way of Revelation," gave promise of even finer things in fiction. Ewart's tragic death by a stray shot in Mexico destroyed that hope. Graham was travelling with Ewart when the mischance befel, and in his "Eldorado," dedicated to the memory of his friend, he gave us some glimpses of Ewart *intime*, as he appeared on that last journey. Now he has followed up those episodic sketches with "THE LIFE AND LAST WORDS OF WILFRED EWART" (Putnam; 9s.).

The book is more than welcome, for Ewart had made so deep a mark as a writer that his readers wished to know more of the man. Mr. Graham's account is entirely in harmony with the impression of personality conveyed by the novel. In effect, although not in detail or incident, Ewart's life can be read in "Way of Revelation" as positively (or, perhaps, as negatively) as in the biography. The external man is revealed; the inner spirit may have been withheld in its ultimate essence, even from the old friend of the trenches. But Mr. Graham saw more, and saw deeper than any other, and there lies the justification and the value of his book.

As this article began with a woman's reminiscences, so it may end, fittingly enough, with Katherine Tynan's "MEMORIES" (Nash and Grayson; 15s.). It is not so much a discursive book as a series of deliberate and considered studies. The subjects are Irishmen and Irishwomen of note, and if these pages are written with an inevitable bias, it is a bias very gracious and becoming to the poet-author. For Mrs. Hinkson, the old Irish days are the best days, and the figures of past times (not so very far past) the truly heroic. She writes of Parnell, of Lord Russell, of Mr. Justice Gibson, of Lady Gilbert, from a point of view entirely individual. Her attitude may arouse question, but cannot alienate the reader. For there are few things so winning in this imperfect world as loyalty to a lost cause or to a friend departed; and this is a loyal book, a sincere book and, needless to say, the work of a literary artist.

Correspondents occasionally send me welcome and valuable information about the special resources of libraries. I have to thank the Dean of the School of Journalism of Missouri University for an official Bulletin, a revised edition of Claire E. Ginsburg's "A Newspaperman's Library," being a catalogue-bibliography of the University Library's books on journalism. Thanks are due also to the Public Librarian of Coventry for his latest Bulletin, containing a J. M. Barrie Bibliography.

SEVENTY-SEVEN FRUITLESS BALLOTS! THE U.S. DEMOCRATS IN SESSION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY T.P.A.



THE BITTER FIGHT FOR A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES:
THE CONVENTION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

For ten days the United States Democrats' Convention endeavoured to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. After 77 ballots a deadlock still existed—that is, neither of the leading candidates had sufficient votes to give the two-thirds majority required by the Convention rules. At one stage, the stalemate seemed so permanent that it was suggested that the Convention should be adjourned for a fortnight and be reconvened in another city. However, the candidates came to the rescue and, with the exception of Mr. McAdoo, agreed to release their delegates from their pledges to vote in a particular way; an act which

gave an unconditional, free vote. This Convention has broken the "record" for the number of ballots made at Charleston and Baltimore in 1860, when 59 ballots were registered. Forty-six ballots were recorded in Baltimore in 1912, resulting in the nomination of the late President Wilson. The situation faced by the Convention at Madison Square Garden was complicated by religious and sectional prejudices. The Klu Klux Klan, which is anti-Roman Catholic, was supposed to back Mr. McAdoo, a son-in-law of the late President Wilson. Governor Smith came out boldly for a revision of the Prohibition Law.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

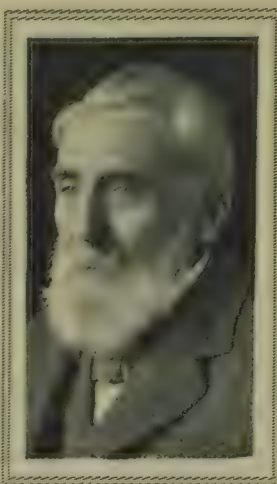
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, S. AND G., L.N.A., LOEB, I.B., AND BURRELL AND HARDMAN.



CHANCELLOR OF THE
DIOCESES OF LIVERPOOL:
JUDGE H. CHALONER
DOWDALL, K.C.



CHAIRMAN OF THE ORGAN-
ISATION COMMITTEE,
LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL:
ARCHDEACON HOWSON.



VICE-CHAIRMAN, LIVERPOOL
CATHEDRAL COMMITTEE:
SIR W. B. FORWOOD, BT.



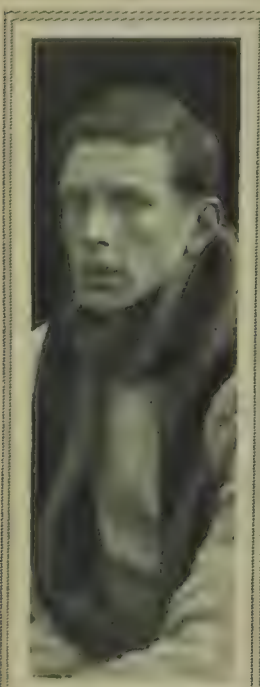
SON OF PRESIDENT
COOLIDGE: THE LATE
MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE.



THE NEW MEMBER OF
PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE:
LORD CHALMERS.



A GREAT PIONEER GAR-
DENER: THE LATE
SIR HARRY VEITCH.



THE ETON CAPTAIN FOR
ETON V. HARROW:
MR. D. M. BATESON.



WINNER OF THE 100
METRES AT THE OLYMPIC
GAMES: MR. H. M.
ABRAHAMS.



THE COMPOSER OF "HUGH THE DROVER":
DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



THE DIAMOND SCULLS: MR. J. BERESFORD, JNR.,
WINNER (RIGHT), AND MR. K. N. CRAIG,
THE LOSER.



RODEO WINNERS: MISS BONNIE
MC CARROLL AND MR. HOWARD
TEGLAND.



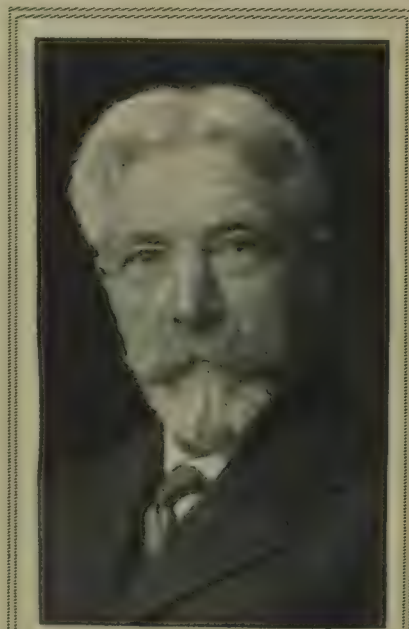
THE HARROW CAPTAIN
FOR ETON V. HARROW:
MR. K. E. CRAWLEY.



THE DEDICATION OF LIVERPOOL
CATHEDRAL: THE BISHOP OF
LIVERPOOL.



ARCHITECT OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL:
MR. G. GILBERT SCOTT, R.A.



THE LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL
CHAIRMAN:
SIR F. M. RADCLIFFE.



THE DEDICATION OF LIVERPOOL
CATHEDRAL: THE RIGHT HON.
THE LORD MAYOR.

The completed part of the new Liverpool Cathedral, as we note elsewhere, is to be dedicated in the presence of the King and Queen on July 19. The architect, Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., who was born in 1880, designed it when he was twenty-two.—Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the seventeen-year-old son of the President of the United States, died on July 8. His fatal illness was due to septic poisoning following a blistered toe contracted while playing lawn-tennis.—Lord Chalmers will be sixty-six next month. He is an M.A. of Peterhouse by incorporation, is President of the Royal Asiatic Society, and is a Trustee of the British Museum. He has served in the Treasury, and has been Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and Auditor of the Civil List, Governor of Ceylon, Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and Under-Secretary for Ireland. He was made a Peer on his retirement in 1919.—Sir

Harry James Veitch was a great horticulturist who introduced many new fruits and flowers, and also a generous philanthropist. He retired in 1913-14, and refused to sell the goodwill of his firm.—At the Olympic Games, Mr. H. M. Abrahams, the Cambridge University athlete, won the 100 metres in 10 3-5th seconds.—The first public performance of Dr. R. Vaughan Williams's opera, "Hugh the Drover," will be given by the British National Opera Company on July 14, at His Majesty's. On July 7 the Queen attended a private performance of it given by students of the Royal College of Music, in their "Parry Opera Theatre."—In the final of the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley Regatta, Mr. J. Beresford, Jr., Thames Rowing Club, beat Mr. K. N. Craig, Pembroke College, Cambridge, easily. The time was 10 min. 32 sec.—At the Wembley Rodeo, Miss Bonnie McCarroll won the bronk-riding for cowgirls, and Mr. H. Tegland for the men.

SEEKING TO RAISE THE SCUTTLED GERMAN NAVY: AT SCAPA FLOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.



A GERMAN DESTROYER WAITING TO BE RAISED.



THE "SEYDLITZ" AS SHE IS SEEN AT LOW TIDE.



PULLEY-WHEELS BETWEEN DECKS OF THE FLOATING DOCK—FOR THE LIFTING OF A DESTROYER.



ONE OF THE HEAVY LIFTING-CHAINS THAT BROKE.



THE "HINDENBURG" AWAITING THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE HER.



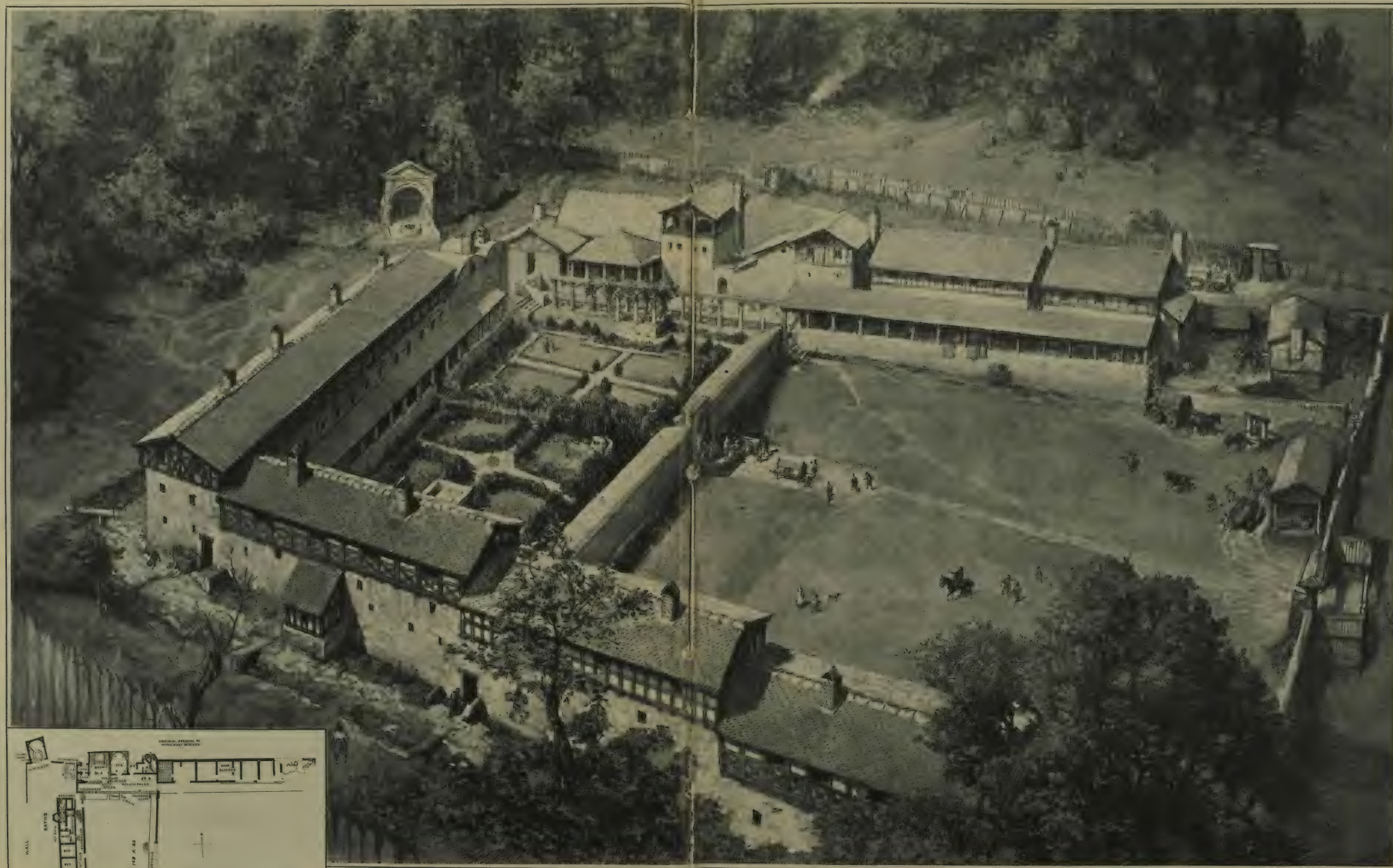
THE "HINDENBURG" READY FOR RAISING—NOTE THE GUNS.

Despite all the skill of that famous firm, Messrs. Cox and Danks, who are endeavouring to raise the German Fleet scuttled and sunk at Scapa Flow in 1919, and are using the German submarine dock surrendered at Harwich and now adapted for the purpose, the first attempt at salvage was unsuccessful. The "V 70" was the vessel in question. Heavy tackle had been passed round the hull and lifting-

hooks had been placed in certain portholes; but the strain on the chains was too great, and five of the six broke. Then the last went, and, as bits of links flew in all directions, it is remarkable that there were no casualties. Another attempt will be made in about a week's time. Meanwhile, the salvage-workers may be relied upon to do everything humanly possible.

FOUND THANKS TO A WHINING FERRET! THE 4TH-CENTURY ROMAN VILLA AT CHEDWORTH—A RECONSTRUCTION.

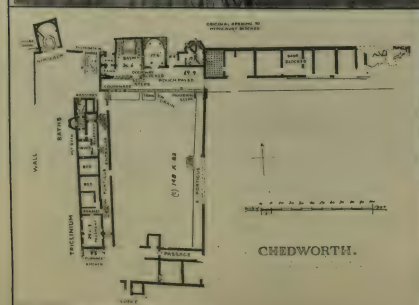
A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER.



A HOME AND HUNTING-BOX THAT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BECOME A FACTORY FOR FULLING AND DYEING: THE CHEDWORTH VILLA IN ITS LATER FORM.

As we note on other pages of this issue, which deal with the same subject, the National Trust has now taken over on behalf of the nation the Chedworth Roman Villa, of which we here give a reconstruction. The Villa, which lies on the eastern slope of the Cotswolds, about ten miles from Cheltenham, was regular intervals. It has been suggested, from certain indications found, that metal-working was carried on to a considerable extent at the Villa, but it will be noted that Mr. St. Clair Baddeley argues in favour of the theory that the

place was enlarged in order that elaborate fulling and dyeing work might be done, and that what was once a fourth-century Roman-British home and hunting-box became, thanks to various alterations, and especially to the enlargement on the north side, a complete manufactory. The structure, which was apparently abandoned in the late fourth century, was found in curious fashion. "A ferret whining among the labyrinthine rabbit-runs beneath a then unknown Roman-British pavement, caused the spade to be sent for, and presently it threw up shoals of coloured cubes from a mosaic floor that had felt no foot pressures for fifteen hundred years." In our picture, as the plan shows, the Nymphæum is seen outside the left top-corner of the range of buildings. On the left of the picture are the dining-room and the baths.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



discovered in about the year 1866, and excavations have been going on at regular intervals. It has been suggested, from certain indications found, that metal-working was carried on to a considerable extent at the Villa, but it will be noted that Mr. St. Clair Baddeley argues in favour of the theory that the

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: WORLD'S NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. C.N. C.P. NEWBURY, S. AND G., I.D., AND "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF EVEREST.



ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: H.I.M. PRINCE TAFARI, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA, AT DOVER.



FOR TIME OF RAIN: THE COVER OF NO. 1 COURT IN USE AT WIMBLEDON DURING THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS—PART OF ITS MECHANISM AT THE LEFT CENTRE.



LEAVING FOR THE UNITED STATES TO MEET AMERICA'S BEST HORSES: EPINARD ENTERING THE BOX TO BE SLUNG ABOARD THE "BERENGARIA."



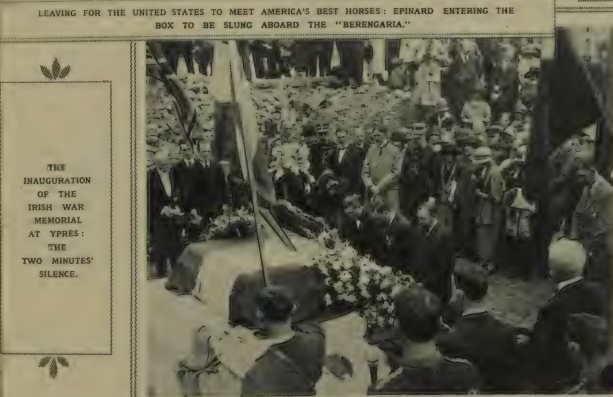
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND: HER MAJESTY AT RANELAGH FOR THE POLO, WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS.



BRICKS WITH STEEL PEGS BETWEEN: ROAD-MAKING ON THE TOWER BRIDGE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND BRITISH OLYMPIC ATHLETES AT THE GRAVE OF THE FRENCH UNKNOWN WARRIOR: AFTER THE PLACING OF THE WREATH.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE IRISH WAR MEMORIAL AT YPRES: THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE.



THE GAUGUIN EXHIBITION, AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: "POÈMES BARBARES."



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, AT LEICESTER: MILKING DAIRY SHORTHORNS.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, AT LEICESTER: JUDGING WENSLEYDALE EWES.



THROWING THE MARQUESS OF GRAHAM'S HIGHLAND STEER: MIKE HASTINGS AT THE WEMBLEY RODEO.



DID LEIGH-MALLORY AND IRVINE REACH ITS SUMMIT? MOUNT EVEREST; WITH SNOW BLOWN FROM ITS HEIGHTS.

Prince Tafari arrived in England on July 7, and is due to leave on Sunday.—In order that the rain shall not make unplayable the chief courts—that is to say, the centre and No. 1 courts—at Wimbledon, these are provided with covers, worked mechanically.—The general idea is that Epinard's chief opponent will be Zev, but it is at least as likely that he will meet Zev's stable companion, Mad Play, who won the Belmont Stakes recently.—A new method of road-repairing is in evidence on that part of the Tower Bridge which is raised so that ships may pass. Lest there should be any chance of the wood blocks slipping during raisings, the blocks are in two layers. The steel pegs shown in the photograph are driven into the blocks of the lower layer, and the blocks of the top layer have holes into which the pegs fit.—When the Prince of Wales went to Paris for the inauguration of the Olympic Games, he visited the Tomb of the French Unknown Warrior, at which the British competitors had assembled, that they might place a wreath upon the grave.—On

July 7, a monument in memory of the Irish soldiers who fought and fell near Ypres in October 1914, and later in the war, was unveiled at Ypres. The ceremony was attended by officials and by some 250 Irish visitors.—A most interesting exhibition of works by Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) is being held at the Leicester Galleries, in Leicester Square, and is attracting much attention.—The Royal Agricultural Society Show opened at Leicester on July 1, and on that day Prince Henry visited it.—While the Wembley Rodeo was in being, the Marquess of Graham offered £10 to any cowboy who could wrestle and bring to earth a Highland steer he would provide. Mike Hastings accomplished the feat in 16 2-5th sec.—Since the announcement of the deaths of Messrs. Leigh-Mallory and Irvine as they made the attempt of Mount Everest, it has been stated authoritatively that it is quite likely that they reached the summit before they died. Various well-known authorities agree with this theory, including Sir Martin Conway.

"SOCIETY" CRICKET: THE OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE MATCH, AT LORD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.



A BOUNDARY HIT: MR. J. E. F. MANN (CAMBRIDGE) DRIVES A LOOSE BALL TO LEG.



RUN OUT: MR. G. E. B. ABELL (OXFORD).



THE DARK BLUES: THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ELEVEN FOR THE MATCH.



THE LIGHT BLUES: THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELEVEN FOR THE MATCH.



HELD, IN SPITE OF FALLING: MR. W. R. SHIRLEY (CAMBRIDGE) MAKING A FINE, ONE-HANDED CATCH.



CLEAN BOWLED: MR. E. H. SINCLAIR (OXFORD) FALLS TO A BALL FROM MR. P. A. WRIGHT.

Except for a fairly liberal sprinkling of top-hats, the first parade at the University Match at Lord's (the Eighty-Sixth Annual Inter-Varsity Match between Oxford and Cambridge) might have been seen at any ordinary county match. This lack of its wonted colour was due to some extent to the weather, and the other parades between the innings were a little more typical of the social side of this popular function. Still, the attendance was not so large as usual. Our photograph of the Oxford Team shows—(left to right) back row: K. G. Blaikie, H. W. F.

Franklin, J. E. Frazer, G. E. B. Abell; middle row: C. H. Taylor, T. B. Raikes, C. H. Knott, E. P. Hewetson, F. H. Barnard; front row: E. H. Sinclair, J. L. Guise. Our photograph of the Cambridge Team shows—(left to right) at back, standing: C. T. Bennett (who did not play), A. H. White, H. M. Austin, W. R. Shirley, R. J. O. Meyer; next row: N. B. Sherwell, P. A. Wright, T. C. Lowry, H. J. Enthoven, L. G. Crawley; on ground: J. E. F. Mann, E. W. Dawson. Both last year and in 1921 Oxford suffered a single-innings defeat.

FINALS DAY AT ENGLAND'S GREATEST REGATTA: THE NEW HENLEY.

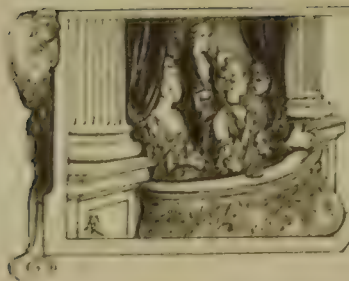
PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP OF THE FIRST STRAIGHT-COURSE HENLEY: LEANDER BEATING JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Henley Royal Regatta, although it attracted fair attendance, was not seen at its best this year. The weather, Wembley, and Wimbledon were against it. The first made conditions very trying, both for competitors and spectators; while the Exhibition and the Lawn-Tennis Championships undoubtedly depleted the crowds. Finals day was fine, but there was a gusty south-west wind which blew down the

course and caused the times to be slow. Leander won the Grand in 8 min. 3 sec., after a gruelling race, a rather remarkable fact when it is remembered that the crew was finally decided upon only a week before the beginning of the racing. W. P. Mellen stroked, and it was his great spurt near the finish which put Leander ahead. The new straight course was generally approved.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE STORY OF A HOAX.—"THE PLEASURE GARDEN."

IT happened not so many years ago. It was in the days when England, in the wake of Continental Europe, discovered Ibsen, long since famous in Scandinavia, when the Russians, Dostoevsky, Gogol, Tchekof, just began to be the fashion; when the world of the theatre—from the Théâtre Libre to our own Independent Theatre—was full of strife and revolution; when all kinds of "isms" were discussed in the Press for the benefit of a public that gasped, hardly understood, yet babbled with an air of knowledge and conviction in order not to

of names, he was compared with Maeterlinck, and proclaimed a very formidable rival to the Belgian Shakespeare. So all went well, and there was every chance that the new exotic author would find a footing in our theatre. But the flood of ink did not create the hoped-for tide. The managers nibbled, but would not bite. For a while the vogue continued in the papers, for a while the new man was a topic in the cenacles of literature and at dinner-tables. Then it died out, and all that remained of the new glory was a niche in the British Museum, and an album full of press-cuttings, which once more goes to prove that *mundus vult decipi*.

As one of the few who were "in the know" of this amusing literary mystification, I am pledged to secrecy as to the identity of the perpetrator and his pseudonym. I met him the other day and begged him to release me of my pledge, and to let me name "man and horse!" But he would not grant my request—"There is life in the old dog yet," he said, "and the 'other Maeterlinck' will again be heard of. The time is ripe to complete the hoax—to resume where he left off—and to

Yes, and after him Gorki has said it in the "Lower Depths," where the dear old Batushka is just such a kind, yet aloof observer as our boy in Kensington Gardens; and George Kaiser has said it, and the Capeks and Toller; and now Miss Beatrice Mayor says it in her own ingenious yet ingenuous way. She says it in slices—she rissoles life—she says it spasmodically in seven scenes all around the bench near the tea-house in Kensington Gardens. But she says it now feelingly, now humorously, with apt words creating a situation, and by a scrawl of the pen; she says it, too, laboriously—particularly in the first part. But whatever structural faults and occasional maladroitness in shifting her characters puppet-wise, there remains something that sinks in, sinks down—an understanding of life, a laugh at it, and discreetly a sob for the jetsam adrift in the ever-flowing current.

I would call "The Pleasure-Garden" a remarkable work, well selected fitly to crown the end—the silver wedding of the Stage Society to the progress of our theatre. The actors, too, rose to the occasion; first and foremost Miss Athene Seyler in her wonderful embodiment of the vendor of smiles; it was poignant, it was pathetic; under the veneer of surface throbbed the tragedy of waste; and how she propelled every line charged with meaning and with shot! Next, Mr. D. Hay Petrie, quaintly philosophic, in the spirit of Alice in Wonderland, observant, commiserating, in the end doleful that "such is life!" Pathetic the lone woman of Miss Mary Barton, wandering aimlessly in forgetfulness and mental inaction; buoyant the young lovers of Miss Ray Litvin and Mr. Richard Bird—she a little old-fashioned in her delving into his past, yet played by the artist with all the freshness of youth; typical and true to life the actor out of bounds, living on memories, press-cuttings, everlastingly seeking new amorous adventures and refuge in the bottle. Pert and ebullient the little maid of Miss Elsa Lanchester, slave of her imperious mistress (Miss Margaret Yarde), who went into tantrums because her promised paradise, a trip to Aix-les-Bains, was denied her; kindly and philosophic the elderly observer of Mr. Felix Aylmer—who had learned on his long journey the full meaning of "to understand is to forgive."

Indeed, a brilliant array of actors—too numerous for a complete roll-call, marshalled by Mr. Alan Wade into flawless harmony.



SUSCEPTIBLE TO TEA-AND CHARM, IN "MIDSUMMER MADNESS": HARLEY QUINN (MR. HUBERT EISDELL) BECOMES ENAMOURED OF CHLOE MOBIN (MISS MARJORIE DIXON). The charm of the pretty girl prevails against the fascination of the witching widow, and the young amorist of "Midsummer Madness" succumbs to his fate.

be voted "out of the movement"; when the appellation "highbrow" became modish and something new, and was sure of a following provided it was sufficiently heralded by the flourish of trumpets.

Now there are always a few wags about who find it a great pleasure to pull the public's legs. So one of these wags, who was a critic as well as a playwright, and in his latter capacity had to settle a little bill with his *confrères* for having slated some of his plays, invented a new great foreign dramatist. The world was told that he was a shining light in his far-away land; that his works were the pillars of the repertory of the national theatre; that anon his plays would be translated into many foreign languages; that his style was original and peculiar; that his method was sure to revolutionise the theatre all the world over.

Whilst a gullible Press was provided with biographical notices, with outlines of his pristine works, with elaborate descriptions of his manner, with all such details objective and subjective as make readable paragraphs, the wag set to work, wrote his play, and had it printed with a fearsome and wonderful preface by a confidant who in highbrow circles had many followers and devotees. If he sent forth the watchword "Admire!"—there was sure to be admiration, and it was pretty certain that the new man would be famous before his actual arrival.

In due course the play was sent to the reviewers, and the miracle happened, just as it was planned by the conspirators—paeons of praise, professed appreciation beyond all the dreams and the intentions of the author. The trap was well set, and, save one reviewer, more astute and well-informed than the others, the critical fraternity fell into it. The exception was a writer who discovered that, great as the new dramatist might be, he was not on familiar terms with the irregular verbs of his country, and that in using a foreign expression as a kind of *leit-motif*, he made a quaint error of conjugation. But it passed unnoticed. Even the cautious reviewer only mentioned it in passing, and never conjectured that play and playwright were myth and imposture. Columns were written about that little play; the author's name was linked to those of the famous Russians, and at ladies' clubs, where every new craze is eagerly discussed in a most unsophisticated jumble

get the play produced. By gad, was it not fun to take them all in, and this time I will take jolly good care to conjugate correctly."

Engrossed in a volume on crabs, lobsters, and other crustacea, a young man on a bench in, say, Kensington Gardens takes no notice of the world around him. But next to him sits a pleasant grey-head, a kind philosopher who now and again draws the student of nature into conversation. Passers-by, too, and quaint people who squeeze into the vacant spot that is left of the bench begin to attract his attention, and gradually he drops the crustacea for the bipeds—he watches their loves, their quarrels, their forlorn souls meandering aimlessly and hopelessly through life; he watches them all with suavity and goodwill, but the result is barren. The world is a miserable vale of tears, despite kindness, helpfulness, and the exercise of such weakness as the flesh is made of. Better return to the quiet study of the crustacea. That famous philosopher of the pavement was not so far out in his estimate of reality: "What's the good of anyfink—why, nofink!"



THE VICTORIAN STOCKBROKER-PANTALOOON AND THE PRETTY WIDOW OF "MIDSUMMER MADNESS": WIDOW PASCAL (MISS MARIE TEMPEST), AND PANTALOOON (MR. FREDERICK RANALOW).

"Midsummer Madness," the new comedy at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is set in the garden of an inn in Somerset. The middle-aged but debonair "Pantaloon" from the Stock Exchange is forced to leave his quotations, and, after three acts of gay comedy and music, is mated to the irrepressible and matchless widow. Mr. Clifford Bax is the author of the Comedy with Music; and Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, the composer of the music. (Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.)

BY ONE WHO IS "TWO KINDS OF SCULPTOR": WORKS BY MESTROVIĆ.

FROM THE SCULPTURES ON EXHIBITION AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET. PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOPER, TOPICAL, AND G.P.A.



"THE CRUCIFIXION." (PLASTER.)



"MAGDALEN." (MARBLE.)



"MADONNA WITH CHILD." (BRONZE.)



"ANGEL GABRIEL." (MARBLE.)



"ANGELS IN JOY." (WOOD.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD." (PLASTER.)



"CONTEMPLATION." (MARBLE.)

For the second time, it is now possible to see in London a collection of works by Ivan Meštrović, the Serbian sculptor introduced to this country in 1915, when there was a show of his sculptures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The present exhibition is at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, in New Bond Street, and, the "Times" suggests, gives the impression that "there are in Meštrović two kinds of sculptor: the wood and stone carver in a folk-art tradition, and the product of art schools in a more or less classical tradition, and that the two

are as yet imperfectly reconciled. The effect, indeed, though Meštrović is a Slav, is that which is generally presented—in both sculpture and architecture—when Gothic feeling for character and expression is subjected to classical discipline. The discipline does not quite fit the impulse." Meštrović was born in 1863. His father was a peasant worker in stone, and he it was who apprenticed the boy Ivan to a master-mason, when he was fifteen. A year later the youth's work began to attract attention, and he was sent to Vienna.

The World of Women

THE KING and Queen had another garden party on Saturday; the third and last will be given on Thursday, the 24th. That on Saturday moved on the same pleasant lines as the first, and the number of guests was about the same. It is nice to hear reiterated over and over again the delighted expressions of our Empire visitors at the hospitality extended to them on all sides. That of their Majesties appealed to them in the highest degree, and the frequent visits to Wembley of the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family pleased them greatly. The King and Queen will not be able to attend the Eclipse Stakes Meeting, as they will be at Knowsley for the dedication of the fine new cathedral in Liverpool. Doubtless other members of the Royal Family will be at Sandown Park on the 18th. It has, so far, not been announced that the Queen will accompany the King to Goodwood House for the race week, but it is felt that her Majesty will do so, as she always enjoys these visits to beautiful Goodwood. The Duchess of Northumberland would once again be hostess for her father, and the Queen appreciates our most beautiful Duchess thoroughly, also the chivalrous hospitality of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The King is also very happy at Goodwood, and enjoys his early rides in the lovely park.

This will be an exceptionally brilliant Cowes Regatta week, and, given good weather, should be very enjoyable. The King and Queen will be on the royal yacht, and the *Britannia* will be racing with her royal owner on board. Prince Olaf of Norway is expected to sail a small yacht in the regatta; and it has been stated that the Crown Prince of Denmark will also compete in one of the smaller classes. The Queen of Spain is quite likely to go with Princess

Beatrice to Carisbrooke Castle for a short stay before going back. Her Majesty arrived a few days ago, and is staying at Kensington Palace with her second son, Don Jaime, and her two daughters, the Infantas Beatrice and Victoria Eugenie. The elder is in her sixteenth year, and the younger in her thirteenth year. Don Jaime is in his seventeenth year.

The sales have provided many of us with fresh outfits for the holidays. The rubber millinery and the much-trimmed bathing dresses do not seem to commend themselves greatly to British women. We like to go down to the sea in neat and becoming garments, it is true; the old style of bathing dress belonging to the period of our grandmothers would horrify us now; but the swimmer and the girl who plays tennis perhaps between her incursions into the waves, or sits in the sun to dry and smoke a cigarette, pin their faith on pretty stockinette bathing suits, and oil-silk hair-wrappings with neat tassels and no flowers, rubber or otherwise. There are, of course, bathers who wear Futurist bathing clothes and scare the fishes, to whom the present is all-sufficient, the future hooks and nets perhaps. The seaside season will be a full one, although the earlier part of it has suffered from the counter-attractions of the Empire Exhibition and of London, a little place which dwellers at the coast and in the country seem to have discovered this year and to take to very heartily.

There have been very few weddings this season—why, no one seems to know. Young people appear to expect to go on from where their parents are now. A girl going to be married looks to have a fine touring car and a two-seater runabout, a dress allowance which would have made her mother gasp with astonishment, a small house—not even young people want large ones—perfectly equipped and properly staffed. The man wants all his things equally well supplied, and when the parents cannot do it the young folk make martyrs of themselves and say they are too poor to marry. Love laughs at locksmiths, it is said; but in these days love is a little too apt to cry at any threat of self-denial, and to cry off completely very often.

The Duke of Connaught, who was for five years Governor-General of Canada, and is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Regiment and other regiments in the Dominion, had an afternoon party for the Empire visitors on Friday, in the combined gardens of St. James's Palace and Clarence House. The visitors were received by his Royal Highness and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and had the opportunity of seeing some of the historical rooms in St. James's Palace. This party was greatly appreciated by the Overseas representatives; for the Duke of Connaught is a man of widest popularity, and Lady Patricia is a delightful hostess. There was great competition for cards at the Empire Exhibition office, and a large number of representative British



A beautiful sable stole, six skins wide, from the International Fur Store, Regent Street, W. (See page 84.)

people were invited too. These now know quite a number of Overseas visitors, which makes for the success of this Empire season.

Henley refused to be chilled out of its characteristic jollity and merriment by cool winds. There was little rain and some sunshine, and Henley spirits are irrepressible. Furs were worn, and that with great comfort to the wearers. That, however, was only an exaggeration of what has often happened, for, sitting in a club enclosure watching the racing is chilly work. On the river itself, colour was rampant, and American, Canadian, and other Dominion visitors were, as ever, delighted with a function which is unique, and essentially English. It was a wonderful sight, and the girls and boys were the best part of it, in their summer kits and summer spirits. Printed foulard was much worn, and printed in cheery patterns and light colours. As to colour, the boys had plenty, too, either in blazers or handkerchiefs worn round their waists.

A number of people have already left town for the season, and gone to their places in Scotland and in the provinces. The reasons for these early absences are the rush of social doings up to now, and the crowded state of town, which is often found rather exhausting; also the extraordinary beauty of the country this year. The days of sunshine, and the cool, fresh evenings and mornings are delights which appeal to those whose eyes are tired, nerves on edge, and appetites for town pleasures jaded. This does not mean a premature end to the great Empire season; it will go on with vigour until the general exodus for Goodwood or for the pleasures of the seaside, abroad, and at home, and this year an increased number of holiday people are making for Switzerland.

An afternoon party in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons sounds rather gruesome. That held by the Surgeon, Sir John Bland Sutton—wearing his black and crimson robe of office; Lady Bland Sutton in daintiest of fawn-coloured and gold costumes—suggested anything but the gentle art of surgery, to which the world is so deep a debtor. There were flowers, fruit, tea, charming dresses, and frivolous but delightful talks, even in the august Council-room, where hangs the celebrated picture of Hunter, by Reynolds. The Dowager Countess of Gosford was there, and Miss Kipling, in red, much congratulated on her engagement; Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, very fresh, in spite of the strenuous life she leads, even as the wife of an ex-Prime Minister, and many more. It was a most enjoyable function.

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting engagements of this month is that of Miss Alice Astor and Prince Obolensky. She is the daughter of Lady Ribblesdale by her first marriage. The Prince belongs to one of the oldest and greatest Russian families.

A. F. L.



Two lovely wraps for summer wear from the International Fur Store. On the left is a magnificent mink stole, and the short cape-wrap on the right is of ermine.



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Fashions and Fancies.

Summer and Autumn Furs.

This season no *tailleur* is complete without a long fur stole or diminutive "dog" collar of sable or stone-marten to add the finishing touch. Foxes of every description, white, red, cross, and silver, are seen everywhere, and at the International Fur Store, Regent Street, W., there is a magnificent collection. White foxes can be obtained from £21 upwards, cross foxes from £25, and red foxes from £12 10s. Sketched on page 82 are three lovely wraps which hail from these salons. The beautiful sable stole is no less than six skins wide; and the mink stole on the extreme left is six also at each end and seven at the back, forming the graceful cape effect. In the centre is a wonderful wrap of ermine, with a loose cape back, long revers, and a deep collar. Fashionable one-skin collars of stone-marten can be obtained from £8 10s. It must be noted also that real sealskin is again being worn, and that the dressing of it has so much improved that coats of this skin are now as light as seal musquash, and are not more expensive. Short coats of real sealskin can be obtained here for £75.

Liberty Frocks and Wraps.

Nottingham lace is again enjoying a prominent position in the season's fashions, and Liberty's, of Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., have introduced it in the graceful models pictured on this page. The diaphanous cloak is fashioned of black georgette and Nottingham lace over pale champagne, and may be obtained for 12½ guineas; while the frock is expressed in Liberty crêpe-de-Chine in a deep-lilac nuance. The lace is tinted to the same shade, and the price is also 12½ guineas. There are handsome evening gowns of tinsel brocade in many lovely colourings obtainable from 8½ guineas upwards, and delightful evening wraps in shimmering "Sungleam" reversible satin for 5½ guineas only. Useful little frocks for the holidays in Liberty's famous artistic colourings can be secured for 79s. 6d. in printed crêpe-de-Chine, and for 6½ guineas in Tyrian silk. Apart from the study of the numberless fascinating Liberty models, the wonderful Tudor building in Argyll Place, with its oaken galleries and carved woodwork, is well worth visiting again and again.

Bargains in Linen.

Every housewife will revel in the sale of linen which is now in progress at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. There are table-cloths of real Irish linen

to be secured for 12s. 9d., size two by two yards; and serviettes to match are 13s. 3d. a dozen. Beautiful linen damask table-cloths, ivy design, have been



A diaphanous cloak of black georgette and Nottingham lace over champagne georgette, and a bewitching frock of lilac crêpe-de-Chine and lace tinted to the same nuance. They may be studied in the salons of Liberty's, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

reduced to 19s. 8d. each, and all slightly imperfect and shop-soiled linen articles are being cleared at very low prices. There are 200 pairs of pure linen sheets, single-bed size, offered at 35s. 9d. a pair, or 63s. the double size; and all-wool blankets can be

secured for 19s. 6d. per pair. There are a few embroidered linen tea-cloths offered at 18s. 9d. each; and Duchess sets worked with Italian hand embroidery and open-work are 18s. 6d. complete. Handkerchiefs, bedspreads, curtains—everything, in fact, relating to linen—offer the same golden opportunities; and readers should apply for an illustrated sale catalogue, which will be sent post free to all who mention this paper.

Write for a Bargain Book.

No one must fail to apply for the "Monster Bargain Book" issued by Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., in connection with their great summer sale, which is now in progress. It includes pretty little holiday frocks in delainette printed with Oriental designs and colourings for 5s. 11d., and useful white voile jumpers embroidered with contrasting colours for 2s. 11d. Ideal for country wear are the knitted woollen costumes, which may be secured for 17s. 11d. in several blended colourings, and the "Gamage" reliable featherweight mackintosh is only 17s. 6d., sizes 46 to 50 inches. Holiday outfits for the kiddies can be secured for a surprisingly modest outlay. There are 200 schoolgirls' washing frocks in striped delainette obtainable for 4s. 3d. each, length 21 to 26 inches; and delightful mackintosh capes with hoods for 5s. 9d. Children's rompers and overalls can be obtained from 1s. 11d. upwards.

A Sale at Hampton's.

Every Thursday throughout July is a half-price remnant day in the summer sale at Hampton's, Pall Mall East, S.W., which is now in progress. Everything in the sphere of house furnishing has been substantially reduced. There are 150 yards of fine quality velour in soft blues and greys (50 inches wide) reduced from 15s. 6d. to 7s. 11d. a yard, and 1000 yards of casement cloth available at 1s. 11½d. a yard. Carpets and rugs offer many wonderful bargains, and beautiful seamless Axminsters are being cleared at half-price in order to make room for new stock. Hampton's furniture is, of course, far-famed. There are comfortable oak settees, well upholstered and covered with hide, reduced from £14 10s. to £8 15s., complete with two loose seat cushions; and handsome oak sideboards fitted with two cupboards are marked at £7 19s. 6d. Then there are inviting cretonne-covered easy chairs reduced to £4 18s. 6d.; and adjustable oak "bed-chairs" are being offered at 42s. 6d. each. No one who is in the midst of re-furnishing should neglect to apply for an illustrated sale catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free.



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The duration of the pause in neutral depends on the action of the clutch stop, which depends on the distance you push the clutch pedal. The higher the car speed at which you change up, the more forcibly must you use the clutch stop in order to make a quick change. At low speeds it is not necessary to pause at all.

(To be continued).

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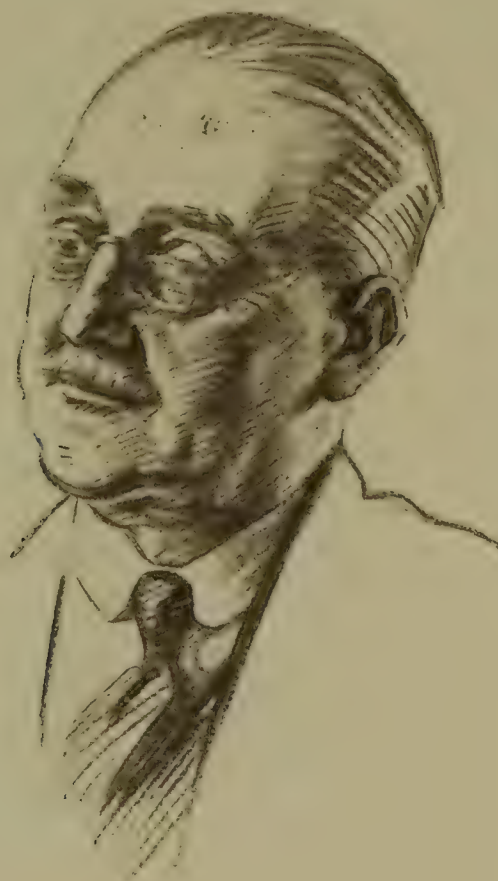
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OLD FRENCH LINE ENGRAVINGS A DELIGHTFUL PUBLICATION.

THE frankly frivolous charm and cynical grace of the eighteenth century make a special appeal to moderns—for who can live in an age whose slogan is "Safety for Democracy," without now and then turning a wistful glance back to the days of the *ancien régime*? We appreciate the plays of Congreve, and such revivals as "The Beggar's Opera," although, perhaps, all of us do not analyse the reason of the enchantment they hold for us. Those, however, who admit to the ravishment of being carried by the medium of art into an undemocratic age will welcome a new book on Old French Line Engravings, by Ralph Nevill, which has just been published by Halton and Truscott Smith.

As the admirably written introduction to the series of reproductions in "Old French Line Engravings" points out: "Quite a number of French engravers may be considered social historians, for a comprehensive collection of prints of the eighteenth century epitomises and explains the *ancien régime* far more clearly than the pen of the most luminous student, who too often ignores and despises detail, the real essence of a people's social life. Detail, however, was thoroughly appreciated by the artists and engravers of the eighteenth century, who, imbued with artistic feeling and taste, contrived to catch the true physiognomy of their

country at the most charming, if irresponsible, moment of her existence. A considerable number of line engravings depict the essential characteristics of the French race, its pleasant and light-hearted domesticity, its addiction to pleasure, and, above all, the importance which it has always attached to the lighter forms of love. No photography could have brought the life of a long-vanished

generation before us so poetically as the careful observation and precision of certain engravers endowed with artistic qualities which, in many cases, were pushed to their furthest limits."

The writer deals with the art of various famous engravers of the eighteenth century, and points out that they were a great deal more than mere mechanical interpreters of the pictures and designs which they reproduced, and in many cases had to work from rough, unfinished sketches and use their own initiative; and he supplies a great deal of useful catalogued information as to the number of impressions made of various famous prints, their rarity, and the differences between the early impressions and the later ones.

The plates are, however, the *raison d'être* of the book, and include a magnificent selection of the work of Bernard Lepicie, Moreau le Jeune, Nicolas Ponce, Tardieu, and many other famous engravers, from pictures by Baudoin, Boucher, Fragonard, and the other masters of the enchanting and frivolous period when Louis XV. and Louis XVI. ruled in France, and the *ancien régime* still held sway.

The reproductions are admirable, and the whole book is one which will delight all those who feel the seduction of the eighteenth century and all that it stands for. Not only does it reproduce the work of these engravers, but it supplies information in regard to the artists and their methods which is bound to increase one's appreciation of their work.



FIRST COMERS OF THE GREAT PICNIC ORGANISED BY MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS: A TRAINLOAD OF EMPLOYEES ARRIVING AT WEMBLEY FROM PORT SUNLIGHT.

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Photograph by Farrington.

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE. By STRUTHERS BURT. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

American life, as far as fiction can portray it, should be almost as familiar to English readers nowadays as that of England, seeing how many new novels come to London from the States. "The Interpreter's House"—which, by the way, is its author's firstling—is one of them. It describes New York, and America generally, as they appear to a man of thirty-five, son of a wealthy banker, and himself something of an explorer, sportsman, poet and idealist, who has spent several years abroad in military and diplomatic service. The book begins with "the return of the native," and develops through his absorption in family and business intrigues, the allurements of women, and a commercial tragedy. Through it all he considers his vast country and its people with an air of detachment. "A man," he felt, "could not grasp this immensity; it made him feel solitary and afraid. He could not love his land intimately as an Englishman loved his tiny island, or a Frenchman loves the ordered smallness of France." His countrymen, he finds, make "bad lovers and worse husbands." "Forced as the American was to think in ships and oil-fields and millions of acres of wheat, how could he think in terms of such personal things as wives or children, or God, or beauty, or sonnets, or laughter? He trembled before the smoky djinn he had created, worshipped him and hated him." The book is well written, and shows a sincerity natural in an author who chooses his title from "The Pilgrim's Progress."

NEW FRIENDS IN OLD CHESTER. By MARGARET DELAND. (Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

The title of this volume looks English enough, but the rural scene on the "jacket" raises a doubt, and the reader soon discovers that Old Chester is, in fact, somewhere in America. The three stories that make up the book—"The Eliots' Katy," "An Old Chester Secret," and "How Could She?"—are novels in little, homely and intimate studies of character and domestic drama, written with much insight and sympathy. They do not strike an English reader as particularly American in spirit or in dialogue, apart from local allusions, and many of the people and incidents might equally well belong to an English countryside. Kindliness and charm are the chief qualities in these tales of simple life, whose mingled humour and pathos will appeal to all readers who prefer the real to the sensational in fiction.

THE PLASTIC AGE. By PERCY MARKS. (Selwyn and Blount; 7s. 6d. net.)

American college life, as described in this novel by "a University Professor of wide experience," presents an

extraordinary contrast to anything of the kind in this country. The experiences of a freshman at "Sanford College" are more like those of a new boy at an English boarding school in the old days, when bullying and fagging were at their worst, only ten times intensified. Imagine an Oxford or Cambridge man in his first year being spoken to like this! "Hi, freshman, carry up my trunk"; or, "Go down to the station and get my suit-cases"; or, "Come up to my room, I want you to hang pictures." But these menial tasks are the mildest part of the unfortunate "Sanford" freshman's sufferings. He wears a blue cap with an orange bottom to indicate his status, and is unmercifully ragged by the senior men, who subject him to every sort of indignity, and even castigation. Mixed with this primitive brutality is a strange emotionalism. A hulking, six-foot freshman is found by another crying bitterly from home-sickness, and confessing that he wants to go home to his mother! There are more serious matters, which need not be specified here. The whole thing is amazing, and hardly credible, but a University Professor ought to know. The book is said to have raised "a considerable storm of criticism" in the United States, and well it may.

DREAMING SPIRES. By DIANA PATRICK. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although Oxford, "that sweet city with the dreaming spires," forms the setting for much of this story, it is not, as might be thought, a novel of University life. Oxford figures in it merely as the nearest town to a great country house, whose owner, a rich bibliophile and art collector, adopts the adventurous heroine in peculiar circumstances. Yet the charm of Oxford has its effect upon her character, and is thus a distinct factor in the development of the tale. It is a woman's book about a woman's career. A girl of twenty, nurtured in luxury, suddenly finds herself a penniless orphan, and resolves to achieve material success, regardless of romance and sentiment. How romance insists on creeping in, after risky experiments in worldliness, is recounted in the later chapters. In the symbolism of the cover design, Oxford may be said to stand for romance, and Piccadilly for worldliness, in competition for the girl's soul.

THE REASONABLE HOPE. By KATHARINE BURDEKIN. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

"There is but one solid basis of happiness," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell; "it is the reasonable hope of a happy futurity." The Doctor's dictum, with its slight reminiscence of the Burial Service, is quoted as a preliminary text for this novel, and indicates that the reader must look for a "happy ending" beyond the grave. The story, however, is by no means of the religious type that might be inferred from such a quotation. The characters are mostly artists and Bohemians who, like "single men in barracks," are

far from turning into plaster saints. Although they talk sometimes of deeper things, and tragedy touches them, their doings and conversation as a rule are full of vivacity. The scene is laid partly in Cornwall, and the sinister side of the Cornish temperament appears in a half-mad farmer, who "sees things" and lives in the grip of a fearful obsession. A leading motive in the book is the hero-worship of a young artist, doomed by consumption, for an older one, and the young man's refusal to part from him to seek health abroad.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL. By ROWAN GLEN. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a love story that will satisfy readers with a taste for plain sentiment and ordinary types of character. There is the hero whose play at first fails through the machinations of a jealous rival, and afterwards proves a brilliant success; there is the charming heroine who is kept apart from her hero by intrigues and misunderstandings; and there is the undesirable lover who is the villain of the piece. It is a new variation on the old theme that the course of true love never does run smooth. A certain Victorian atmosphere is symbolised by a picture of the Albert Hall on the cover, although it is the Albert Hall illuminated for a twentieth-century carnival. The naval officer and the Irish colleen, whose hand he is kissing, are the hero and heroine in fancy dress.

CHANCE—AND THE WOMAN. By ELLIS MIDDLETON. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

There is still a public, apparently, for tales of adventure in the England of postchaises and highwayman. "Chance and the Woman" is a spirited example of its kind, with a picturesque "gentleman of the road," a full-blooded villain in the person of a bold bad baronet, a hero sufficiently heroic, and a heroine of adequate beauty. There are many exciting incidents—plots, captures, imprisonments, and fierce personal encounters between hero and villain. In short, we have all the familiar ingredients of adventurous fiction, well stirred, and made into a rich and palatable literary pudding, the proof whereof is in the reading.

COUNT TEOFILO ROSSI.

WE are asked to state that Count Teofilo Rossi, Italian Senator and Minister of State, and his brother, Count Cesare Rossi, member for Turin, have no connection with Signor Cesare Rossi, one of those arrested after the disappearance of Signor Matteotti. In our issue of June 28 we published a portrait of Count Teofilo Rossi as one of Signor Cesare Rossi. Needless to say, we much regret this mistake.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MIDSUMMER MADNESS." AT THE LYRIC.
HAMMERSMITH.

IT is a little difficult to say why and how Messrs. Clifford Bax and Armstrong Gibbs's musical experiment, "Midsummer Madness," fails to justify perhaps extravagant expectations and misses giving us what we have so long hoped for—a true successor to the Gilbert and Sullivan series or a modern equivalent of "The Beggar's Opera." There is wit in Mr. Bax's libretto, and his story of the love complications of Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and a certain Mrs. Pascal has that touch of fantasy and airiness that ought to adapt itself to comic opera. And Mr. Gibbs, on the other hand, is an accomplished musician with a gift of charming melody and a command of skilful orchestration. Yet somehow the combination has not completely "come off." Perhaps the limitation of the cast to four characters has something to do with there being *longueurs* in the action; perhaps the little artificial comedy of Mr. Bax's invention does not lend itself to the mannerisms of the Hammersmith mode of "production"; perhaps the composer, in copying archaisms and giving us snatches of song in eighteenth-century manner, has let his own musical style be too much fettered. In any case, one feels that, while Mr. Armstrong Gibbs may prove to be the new Sullivan we want, he has not in this piece found quite

sufficient inspiration. It has many refreshing moments of fun, and many grateful madrigals and catches; it obtains splendidly robust singing from Mr. Randalow, and acting delicious in its sense of comedy from Miss Marie Tempest; and once or twice, as in Miss Tempest's song to the moon, it strikes the right note. But it is a little too much tinged with preciousness, it is to be feared, to make any strong popular appeal.

"IN THE SNARE," AT THE SAVOY.

If we cannot have drama which is a genuine reflection of life, let us by all means have the second-best thing—melodrama which tells an exciting story swiftly, and deals in picturesque incidents, costumes, and emotions. Such melodrama Mr. Leon M. Lion, adapting with the author's help a novel of Rafael Sabatini's contriving, provides us at the Savoy in the stage romance of the Peninsular War which is entitled "In the Snare." The court-martial scene, with its background of uniform and First Empire costumes, makes a fine finish to the play, packed as it is with all the regulation tear-compelling situations. Here we have a young officer falsely charged with murder, spoiling his chances of acquittal, and lying gallantly to save the honour of his Adjutant-General's innocent wife; here too the General tenders his resignation, which Wellington refuses to accept. Before that episode we have been asked to watch the Adjutant-General, in flat defiance of his Commander's anti-duelling ordinance, challenging and killing his man right in front

of his wife's balcony, whereon emerges the unfortunate hero. Excellent acting from Mr. George Tully as the explosive Adjutant-General, Mr. Wilfrid Seagram as the wronged Captain, and Miss Renée Kelly as the lady under suspicion dignify the melodramatics of the tale; and Mr. Clifton Boyne wears the approved nose and manner of Wellington.

"THE STREET SINGER." AT THE LYRIC.

Who wants to know the story of "The Street Singer," or why it was that a Duchess adopted the masquerade indicated by the title of the new musical comedy at the Lyric? It is enough that Miss Phyllis Dare figures as both Duchess and street singer, and that Mr. Frederick Lonsdale as librettist and Mr. Fraser-Simson as composer have contrived between them to provide London with a new light entertainment that ought to delight it for months and months to come. The orchestration of the score is far above the average of its kind, and there are plenty of pretty songs for the "street singer"; the love interest of the plot is of the kind our musical-comedy audiences like; there are parts for Mr. Harry Welchman, Miss Sylvia Leslie, Miss Kathlyn Hilliard, and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb; and, finally, Miss Dare has come back to her admirers, obtaining from them on the first night an ovation any Princess might envy. She seemed a little nervous on her *rentrée*, but her dancing is as dainty as ever, and she has lost none of her personal charm.

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For toilet, bath or nursery, use Olva, the palm and olive oil soap made specially for you.

Olva

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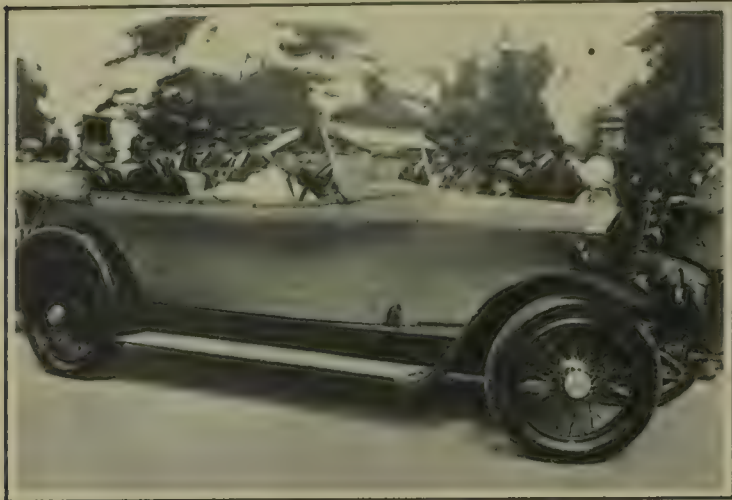
Soap



Large round tablets,
each in carton, 6d
Handy family box of
12 tablets, 6/-

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Committee on Taxation. After something like three years of wrestling with the problems set by the Ministry of Transport, the Departmental Committee on Vehicle Taxation has reached its conclusions and made its report to the



ON THEIR WAY TO THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT SYDNEY: ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK FIELD AND REAR-ADMIRAL BRAND IN THEIR 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE, AT MAN-O'-WAR STEPS.

Australian motoring enthusiasts, inspired by the visit of the British Fleet, organised a procession of British-built cars, which was led by the Rolls-Royce.

Minister. This has not been published yet, but the Minister announced in the House of Commons that a majority of the Committee are dead against a reversion to the fuel tax, on account of the administrative difficulties attendant upon its collection. There is apparently a minority report which does not altogether agree with this point of view; but as it is a case of seven against three, I am afraid it will not help us much. So it is finally good-bye to any chance of a change from the horse-power tax.

Not only so, but there does not appear to be the very smallest chance of any remission in the present rate of taxation. The Minister was asked the other day if he would favourably consider a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the tax on cars of over a

certain age. He gave a most unqualified refusal, basing it on the ground that it would give a great deal of work to the licensing authorities, and would result in a loss to the Road Fund of some three to four millions annually. Obviously, the Treasury, having tasted blood, likes it, and is not at all disposed to be content with less. The implied promise made by Sir Eric Geddes when Minister of Transport that if the revenue derived from motor taxation should exceed the eight millions originally laid down as the contribution to be exacted from the motorist the latter would receive some relief has been relegated to the place where the broken promises of politicians are consigned that they may be forgotten. It is another example of the truism that a tax once imposed is never, or almost never, taken off.

The New Lanchester.

It was not until the other day that I had an opportunity of trying on the road the new 21-h.p. Lanchester, which was introduced at the last Olympia Show. In some directions this new car demonstrates some radical departures from previous Lanchester practice, particularly in one direction. As is very well known, the Lanchester Company has always remained faithful to the epicyclic gear-box; and, as expressed by them, it was a very fine system indeed, possessing certain advantages over the conventional sliding gear-change, notably in that it was impossible to bungle a change, since it simply depended upon the action of contracting brakes which were absolutely noiseless in action as well as perfectly smooth. The one disadvantage was in its greater cost, though, in the case of the larger 45-h.p. car, in which cost was a detail which received little or no consideration, this did not

matter. In that of the 21-h.p. car, which is being built to compete with others in its class, the question of cost is a somewhat different matter, and in order to meet the case the epicyclic gear has given place to a four-speed gear-box of the ordinary gate-operated type. Otherwise, there are few differences which are important when comparing the model with its larger sister.

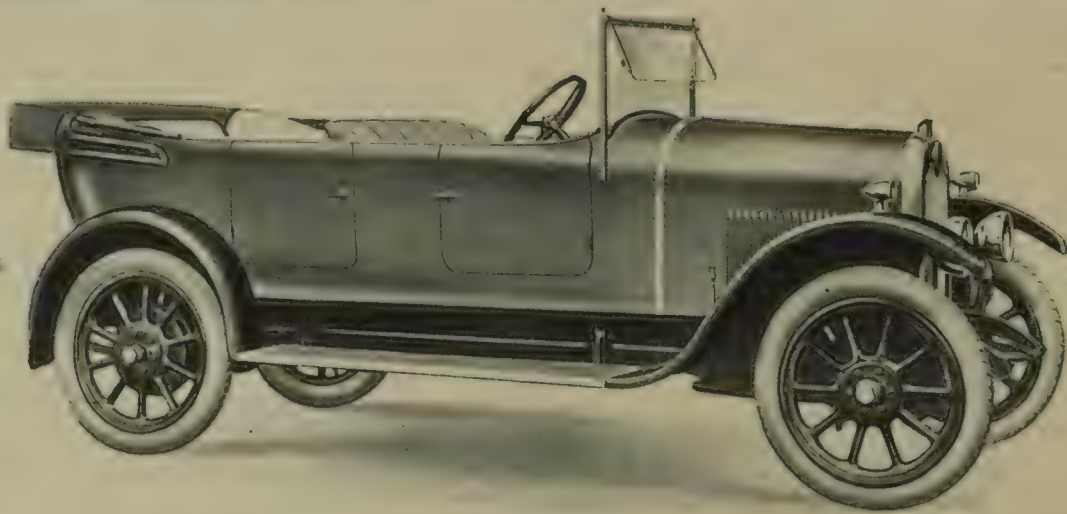
As to its performance on the road, I can only say I think it is a wonderful car indeed. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have never sat behind an engine which was so absolutely free from even the suspicion of vibration. With the motor running idle you can open the throttle until it is turning at between two and three thousand revolutions, and nowhere, right up the whole speed range, is there anything approaching a period. No more severe test can be given a motor than to speed it up light in this manner. Engine and transmission are beautifully silent when running at speed. Even at sixty miles an hour there



AT KENILWORTH CASTLE: A STANDARD 11-H.P. FOUR-SEATER.

is no sensation of any work being done—the running is just as silky as is it at between thirty and forty. The brakes are magnificent—the car is braked on all four wheels—and pull the car up dead in something like four seconds when travelling at fifty miles per hour, and that without the slightest sensation of shock or jar. As to speed and hill-climbing capacity, the

[Continued overleaf.]



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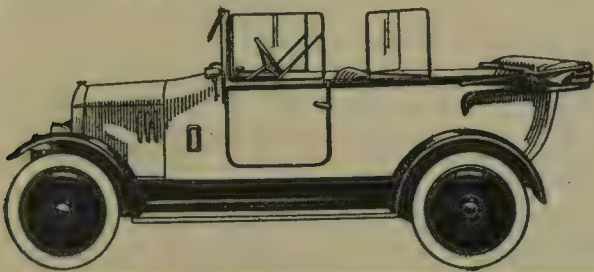
10 h.p. Popular Two-Seater, £200. 10 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £210. 10 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater, £225. 10 h.p. De Luxe Four-Seater, £235. 10 h.p. Saloon, Weymann Body, £275. 15 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four/Five Seater, £500. Two-Seater, £450. Weymann Saloon, £500. Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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(Continued.)

car I tried was a heavy saloon, but I found it quite fast enough—about sixty-five was the maximum we touched—and a wonderfully good hill-climber. As a matter of fact, I honestly cannot find anything to criticise in this new Lanchester. Possibly its makers will not altogether thank me for saying so, but I really think this is the best thing they have done in all the history of the Lanchester Company. It certainly comes very, very near to one's ideal of what the perfect motor-car ought to be.

Speeds in the Grand Prix.

Racing enthusiasts are speculating

as to what increase in speed will be shown by this year's 2-litre cars over those of twelve months ago. The average speed over a long distance gives little indication of the maximum speed ability of a car, for it is dependent to a very considerable extent on the nature of the roads over which the race is run, and, to a lesser degree, on weather conditions. Although it is known that the cars being prepared for this year's European Grand Prix are much more powerful and faster than those which ran last year, it is quite possible that the average speed at Lyons will be lower than that of the winner of the French race at Tours, and it would be false reasoning to conclude from this that no progress has been made. The practice of the Automobile Club of France of electrically timing competitors over a selected stretch of level road will enable motorists to ascertain exactly how much faster this year's cars are than those of 1923. In the French Grand Prix race last year at Tours, Pietro Bordino, on an eight-cylinder Fiat, travelled at the rate of 122½ miles an hour, and this extraordinary speed for a tiny engine of 2000 c.c. appears to be the highest rate of travel ever attained on the road by this class of car.

W. W.

THE COUNTRY LIFE OF THE ROMANS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 68.)

carried on his business by a staff of mixed free and serf labour, under his overseeing partners, and perhaps some of his near kinsmen and their subordinate officials.

The few and fragmentary surviving chambers

objects of interest found were bronze spurs, and spoons with their handles pointed for extracting from its shell the same *Helix nemoralis*, or Roman snail, that we note in these woodlands has triumphantly survived both its admiring introducers, and, incidentally, many generations of those who here fully understood its culinary value.

The visitor from some far end of the world, seeing all these signs of organised labour, of clear design, and of admirable adjustments of means to certain clear ends, showing intelligence in every direction, is filled with astonishment that the Civilisation here represented should have passed away into a mere wonder of the woodland, and have been succeeded historically by the miserable chaos of what are rightly known as the Dark Ages; and by the internecine struggles of half-savage invaders—of Hibernian hyænas, with fierce Saxon bears and ravens—for possession of the fair rich body of Romanised Britain. And he at once asks the question: How did it all come to this? To what was due the decay of the Villa? And, indeed, its end? And, in the main, the reply must be found in the causes—too long to traverse here—of the complete loss of organic authority over labour; to ensuing hopeless insecurity of life and property; and to consequent successful invasions of this island from both west and east, with total resultant ruin and extinction of its trade. Yonder lump of sixty-seven pounds of melted lead will stand well for the destroyers' deeds here; but whether these spoilers were a horde from across Severn, or from

still further west; or Saxons from the Thames Valley, or from Fairford, or from Bath, cannot yet be told. They did not even carry the metal away.

The National Trust still needs about £350 in order to secure this unique example for the public benefit, when further discoveries may come to enrich the entire subject.



THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION: FOREIGN LIFEBOATS IN A PROCESSION FROM THE TEMPLE STAIRS TO FULHAM.

The British Lifeboat Service was founded on March 4, 1824, and is the oldest in the world. Last week, when a number of foreign lifeboats were lying off the Temple Stairs, six of them went in procession to Fulham. They all came over specially for the celebrations, and will remain here for some little time, visiting several places on the coast.

Photograph by C.P.

of the important southern wing have—theoretically—sometimes been described as the apartments for the slaves, or "service." We think this unfeasible, because, when uncovered, their walls were both fine-plastered and colour decorated; moreover, the greater part of the coins and rings in the Museum came from these very rooms. Among the other



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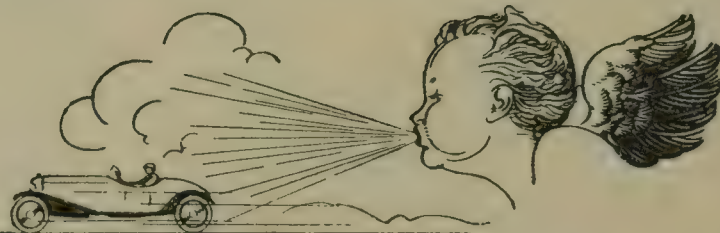
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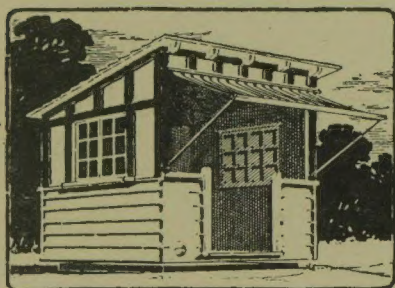
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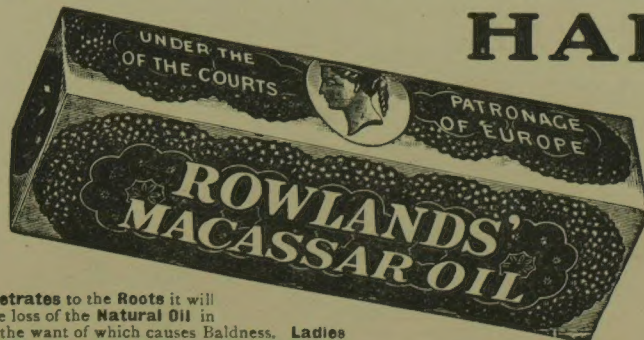
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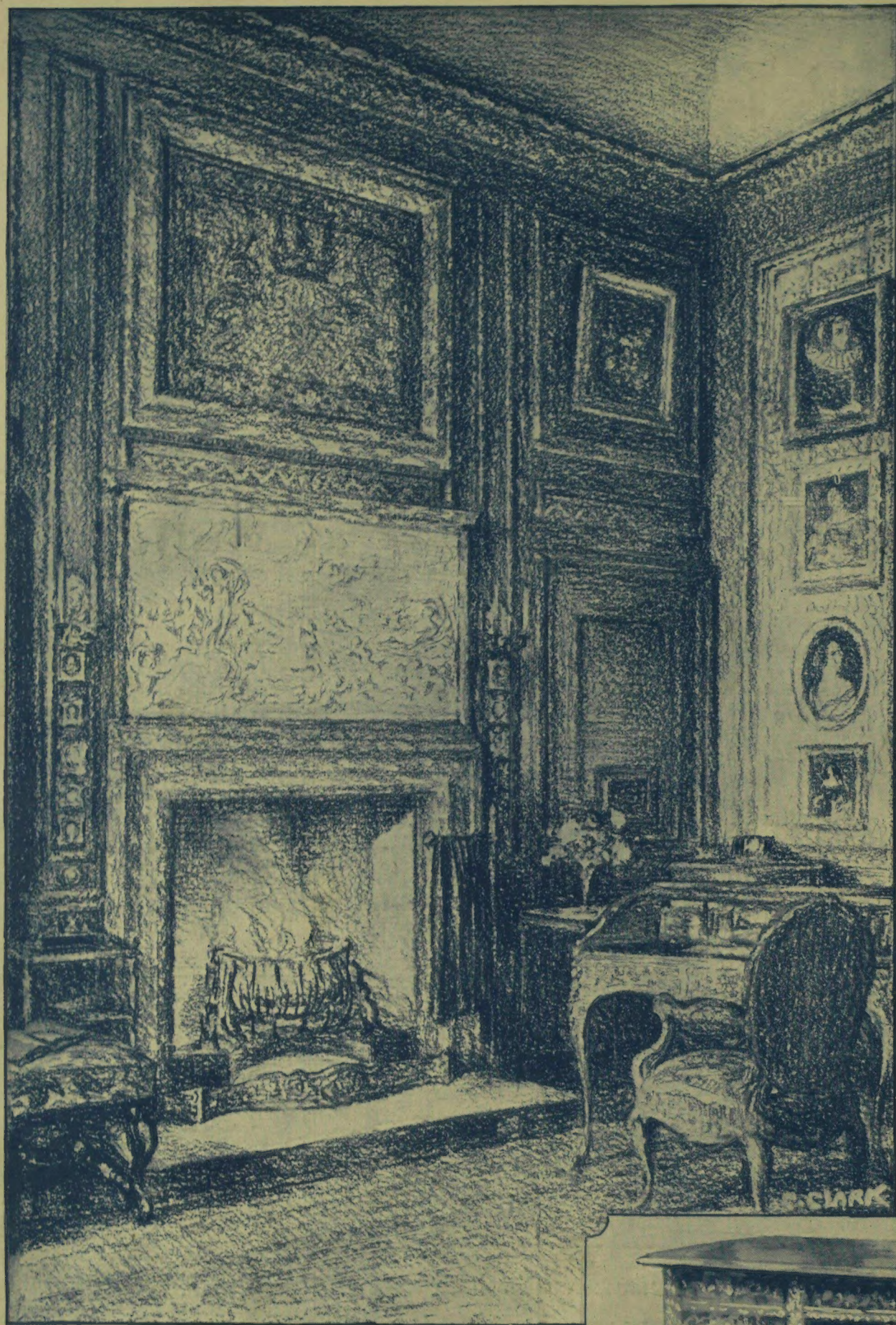
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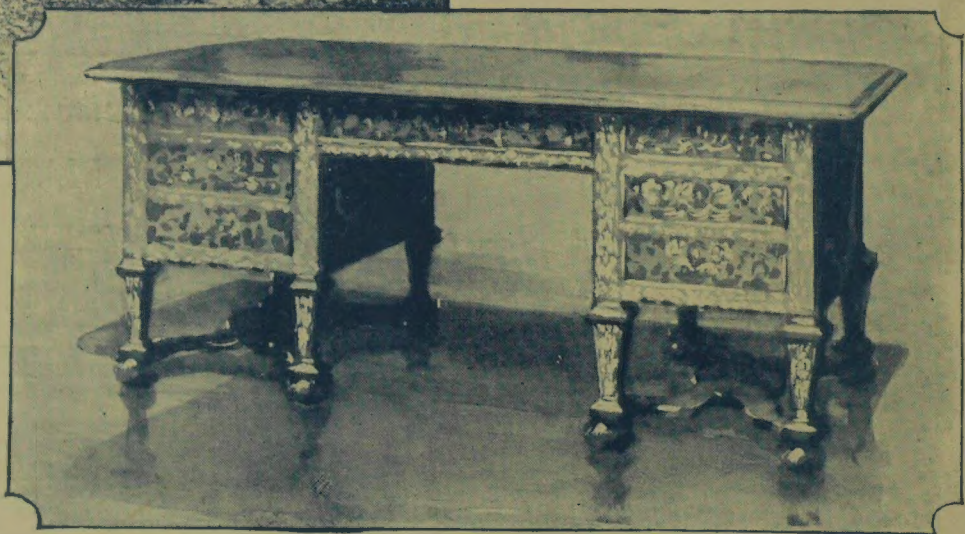
A Signal Honour

THE erection of the present stately Grecian edifice in 1700 could not wipe out memories of the earlier Dalkeith Palace, which was connected with many Scottish national episodes, and when occupied by the Regent Morton, in the 16th century, was known as the "Lion's Den."

The present building is better known, however, from its associations with Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," and as the family seat of the ducal family of Buccleuch. To this house Queen Victoria conferred a signal honour by holding here an official Drawing Room in 1842.

Dalkeith Palace has played a notable part in Scottish, and indeed in British international history, and so also, from another point of view, has John Haig Scotch Whisky, which, since it was first distilled in 1627, has attained a universal reputation for quality and maturity unexcelled.

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